

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 26, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

INDIANAPOLIS

PREVIEW OF THE
'500'

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*The Man Who
Runs the Brickyard*

DRIVER PAT O'CONNOR



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GENERAL DUAL 90



Cover: Pat O'Connor ▶

▶ Swift in qualifying trials and one of the greatest favorites, handsome Pat O'Connor looks ahead to the Indianapolis "500." For a preview from the trackside, see page 68.

Photograph by Ray Peters

Next week



▶ A study of Ed Mathews, five years ago the matinee idol on Milwaukee's brand-new Braves, today retiring and less publicized but at least as valuable a ballplayer.

▶ Half the fun of getting there by sea is in the expanding world of shipboard sports. Jerry Cooke photographs in color the many diversions travelers will find this year.

▶ Carleton Mitchell sails on *Sequoia* and cables from England the first detailed report from the deck of Britain's new America's Cup challenger on how well she performs at sea.

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MEMO from the publisher

IT'S GREAT," Bill Corum said, "and we're proud to have it." Mr. Corum was thanking **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for the 10-foot-long original of Roy Doty's drawing of the grandstand at Churchill Downs (SI, April 28), now on permanent display there.

His words brought to mind some others by Managing Editor Sidney James. In a staff memorandum James recently wrote:



SNYDER BY SNYDER

"Art Director Jerry Snyder and his department have developed a variety of approaches to the problem of functional illustration—by which I mean illustration which brings the story to the reader.

"There were lately in successive weeks Doty's continuous strip of the Churchill Downs grandstand and the drawing by Jack Kunz of the controversial Los Angeles Coliseum (SI, May 5). With different styles and perspectives, both aimed to clarify parts of the sports scene which were of primary interest. And I like to think they both succeeded."

"Other subjects regularly bring

other artistic approaches: for instance, the instructional drawings by Tony Ravelli and Robert Riger in our series on *Big League Secrets* and the descriptive drawings by Ray Ploch of the revolutionary jet racing boats (SI, May 5).

"In all, Snyder chooses from an imposing list of more than 35 artists to fill our needs. And each continues to make important contributions to sports journalism."

Editor James, of course, was writing about graphic illustration. But there is the art of the camera, too, in which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has also made advances. This issue is a good place to mention one of them. For John Zimmerman's pictures of Herb Score in our **SPECTACLE** are a direct descendant of a color technique pioneered by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and Photographer Mark Kauffman, using a long lens on a sequence camera. In fact, our first purchase, months before our first issue, was the equipment to develop this technique.

It's another example of how **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has tried, through illustration, to "bring the story to the reader," and Messrs. James, Snyder, Zimmerman and all the rest, you may be sure, will keep on trying.

Harry Phillips

* In the May 4 *New York Herald Tribune* writer Tommy Holmes testified to the success of one. "Nothing so far," he said, "has illustrated the ridiculous (for baseball) contour of the Coliseum quite as well as the diagram in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**."

Subscriptions Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50. Air-speeded editions to Alaska and Hawaii, 1 yr. \$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.00. Please address all correspondence concerning **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to editorial and advertising executives in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 5 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. and all subscription correspondence to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, N.Y. and all subscription correspondence to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 10, N.Y. Changes of address require three weeks' notice. Please name magazine and furnish address in full from a recent issue, or state exactly how magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made without old as well as new address, including postal zone number. Two fee: also publisher's Time, Life, Fortune, Architectural Forum and Hearst's Home, Chairman, Maurice T. Adams, President, Roy E. Lester, Executive Vice President for Publishing, James H. Black, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles L. Sullivan, Vice President and Secretary, D. W. Birmingham, Vice President, Edgar R. Baker, Bernard Brown, Clay Buchanan, Arnold W. Carlson, Allen Crover, Andrew Henschel, V. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Loran, Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. J. Pennington, Warren C. Paine Jr., Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey.



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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—**HENRILLOTT**, dedicated Aussie ruler who three cracked four minutes down under, gave Californians glimpse of his famed speed, kicking past surprise rabbit Drew Dunlap of Texas (whose 1000-setting 58.5 for first quarter may cost Elliott new record) and Countryman Merv Lincoln, net blacing pace (see page 8) to finish in 3:57.8, two-tenths of a second under John Landy's famed world mark and six-tenths of a second slower than Derek Ibbotson's still unrecognized (also because of presence of power) 3:57.2, at Caltrans Relays in Los Angeles (May 14). Other record breakers in same meet: U. of California's Jack Yerman, Jerry Seibert, Maynard Drane and Don Bowden, who hustled through two-mile relay in 7:29.9 for world record; Aussie Alex Henderson of Arizona State at Tempe, who outran USC's Max Truss in 8:47.9 for new U.S. two-mile standard.

ELIAS GILBERT, slender Winston-Salem Teachers College star from Linden, N.J., buzzed cross-country from Los Angeles to Carolina AAU meet at Raleigh, N.C. in double-quick time, traveled nearly as fast in 220-yard low hurdles, smearing over obstacles in 22.1 to overhaul Dave Sims's world record (May 17).

BULLAL LOHU, hefty 240-pound North Phoenix high school senior who threatens to heave 12-pound shot out of sight one of these days, hopped and leaped in newly legalized red-white-and-blue cement rlag, shoved iron ball 69 feet 5 1/8 inches to break U.S. schoolboy mark for third time at Phoenix (May 16).

MAAC BECKER, mighty-muscled little Israeli-born featherweight from Brooklyn and only one of U.S. lefties to win three matches from visiting Russians, cleaned and jerked 319 pounds for new world record in New York's Madison Square Garden (May 17), as phlegmatic but powerful Soviet lifters, grunting and snorting with untrained gusto, won 4-3 for third victory over Americans (see page 50).

BASEBALL—**NEW YORK YANKEES** were playing in league by themselves (see page 48), may soon blast off into outer space. Larnen, Turley, Ford, Shanta, Magle, it mattered not all had too much on ball, sent Yankees soaring 616 games ahead of huddled pack, giving American League biggest second division in history. Kansas City, on hot streak, poked head into second place, was narrowly followed by Cleveland, barely percentage points ahead of Baltimore, while Washington tumbled out of stratosphere, landed in sixth place.

WILLIE MAYS sharpened up, batting eye, slammed six homers, had long-ball assist from Deryl Spencer and Rookie Orlando Cepeda to lead San Francisco Giants to six victories in eight games and over heads of Milwaukee into National League lead, Philadelphia and St. Louis were on upbark, moved within reaching distance of third-place Pittsburgh Pirates, who dropped four in row to Phillies.

HORSE RACING—**CALUMNET'S TIM TAM**, led boldly along rail by Ismael Valenzuela, charged past field, moved to outside to run down pace-setting Lincoln Road, led California repeatably Billy Sullivan drop in ruckish eighth place on way to 136-length victory in \$133,569 Preakness at Pimlico to pack away \$38,350 and second jewel on Triple Crown (see page 16). Day was filled with nothing but gold for Mrs. Gene Markey, who had another rich score of Garden State, where A Gitter romped off with \$18,635.75 in \$29,175 Jetset Rose Stakes, Pinter Lea and Fabius finished one-three in co-habitation to earn \$5,435, boosting Calumnet's total for afternoon to \$21,963.

NOAH KILMER, husky son of Naorullah, returned to races for first time since Nov. 8, pinned his ears back under urging of Eddie Arasco held off determined Clem in violent stretch run to take first money in \$20,050 Toboggan Handicap at Belmont.

BOXING—**CONNY LISTON**, well-equipped, well-connected and one of brightest young heavyweight prospects to come along since Floyd Patterson, made most of his first TV shot, being educated, head-snapping left jab to show up genial rival horse John Mederos badly enough for referee to stop bout at end of second at Chicago (see page 51).

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION ARTHUR WOODS, picking up loose dollars wherever they may be, jugged his paunchy 185 1/2 pounds into ring at San Diego, tossed bombs at retreating Howie King in effort to score 12th knockout of his long career, floored rival twice but couldn't keep him there and had to settle for 10-round decision.

BOATING—**YALE'S** smooth-stroking sweep-swimmers, tipped along by stiff tail wind and solid 32 beat, skipped across line 1 1/4 lengths ahead of Penn in record 5:54.4 for 2,600 meters on Princeton's Carnegie Lake after Harvard Stroke Bob Lawrence snared crab, flipped out of shell 296 yards from home to end unbeaten Crimson's threat for Eastern sprint championships. But Harvard found some voice back home in Cambridge, where undefeated lightweights swept river as varsity snatched past Cornell in hammerhead for EARC title.

GOLF—**SAM SNEAD**, caught from behind by South Africa's young Gary Player in his own tournament at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., found himself battling for survival in playoff, finally rolled in one-foot birdie putt on 55th extra hole to win.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—**JUAN MANUEL FANGIO**, after week of toasting around Indianapolis Brickyard, decided, "I have nothing to gain and everything to lose," panned up Memorial Day classic, but qualifying trials went on, and Dick Barthman, pushing McNamara Special at record 145,874 mph, won pole position (see page 60).

FRANCIS'S MAURICE TRENTINANT took over when early preselectors were forced out, throttled his British Cooper 150 miles around Monte Carlo's twisting circuit in

continued

accent on the deed . . .



WELL-AIMED FLIP by John Hopkin's Jory (right) gets past Maryland Goshie Kennedy (46) at Baltimore Unbeaten Hopkins won 11-10, to move a step closer to second straight league title.



WELL-AIMED SWING by St. Louis' Stan Musial sends ball wobbling off his bat for history-making 3,000th hit, a pinch-hit double to left field, in Cardinals' 5-3 victory over the Cubs at Chicago.

SCOREBOARD continued

2:22-27.3, averaged 68.94 mph to win Grand Prix of Monaco, earn second-place tie with Britain's Stirling Moss (with 3 points) in race for world driving title. Runners-up: Italy's Luigi Musso, in Ferrari, 2:23:48.2, to move into lead with 12 points; Britain's Peter Collins, in Ferrari, 2:23:04.7.

MASTERY Gregory, Kansas City leadfoot, spun to front in Lister-Jag after accident, which proved fatal, forced out Britain's Archie Bevis-Brown, held it there to out-drive Belgian Paul Frere and Texas Carroll Shelby. In Autos Martians, in 131-mile Grand Prix of Spa at Francorchamps, Belgium, Gregory's winning speed, 121.16 mph.

WALT HANGGERS of Westfield, N.J., top banana on SCCA circuit, raised his points to 4,960 before 68,000 at Cumberland, Md., roaring his Lister-Jag at 71 mph average to head off Runner-up Ed Crawford, in another Lister-Jag, in Class C modified race. Third place, as well as first in Class E and F modified, went to able Don Sessler of Lancaster, Ohio, in Porsche 356 RS.

TENNIS — RAY MICHAELSON and BARRY MACNAY got U.S. off to 2-0 lead over Venezuela before orderly crowd at Caracas, teamed up with Bill Quilham for 5-0 sweep in Davis Cup first-round match.

MILEPOSTS — COMMISSIONED — AMERICAN YACHT CLUB, founded by Financier Jay Gould and small group of steam-yacht enthusiasts in 1883, fourth oldest in nation, for 76th year, as part of diamond jubilee celebration, at Rye, N.Y. Among club's 670 members: Red Stephens and Phil Rhodes, participants in three of last four America's Cup races; famed Saltwater Ernest and Colin Ratsey; Jim and Allera Meris, prominent East Coast sailors.

BOYHOOD — JACK DREES, towering (6 feet 6 inches), latrine-jawed ex-AU of Iowa basketball, longtime sportscaster for TV's Wednesday night fights, with plaque, on occasion of 20th anniversary as sports announcer, by Chicago Boxing Writers' Association, at rapscall, in Chicago. Adept at handling all sports, Drees frankly admits "being partial to racing and boxing, explains 'I like them for the people connected with them. They are a special breed.'"



COLISEUM VILK finds Australia's Herb Elliott booming along 22 yards from tape on way to 3:57.8 clocking, fastest ever in U.S.

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING — CALIFORNIA, one Stanford by 256 length, in 14:58 for 2 mi. Redwood City, Calif. WASHINGTON-LAKE U.S. Arlington, Va., Stinebaugh Cup, in 5:13.8, Philadelphia.

COURT TENNIS — NORTHRUP KNOX, U.S., over Lord Aberdeen, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, British continue title, London.

CRICKET PAKISTAN, over Ontario, by 41 runs, Toronto.

DOG SHOWS — CH BLACK TOMMY OF HUNGNOT (blackhead), owned by E. Edward Stines, Clifton, N.Y., top-in-class, L.J. Kennel Club, Locust Valley, N.Y. CH. W. PETER W. TWO GILLES, owned by Mrs. Maure W. Lamm, New York, and handled by Jimmy Butler, last-in-class, American Fox Terrier Club, Locust Valley, N.Y.

GOLF — MILLY MAXWELL, Ontario, Texas, 125-000 Memphis Invitational, with 107 for 21 holes. WIFFI SMITH, St. Clair, Mich., Betsy Rawls-Paul Hanes Open, with 214 for 34 holes, Spartanburg, S.C.

HORSE RACING — HOW NOW? 81,555 Los Angeles M. T. F. by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:51 5/8, Hollywood Pk. 50th Hurdle up.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS — GERRY GOMANDI, Nyack, N.Y., 20-mi. feature for 200 1,500 cc. cars, with 71.1 mph average, in Jet Special, Long Beach, Conn. Runners-up: Gordon MacKenzie, Middlebrook, N.Y., in Jet; Tony Lister, Skidoo, Conn., in Jet.

JOE RECHTEL (driver) and **CILLA RECHTEL** (navigator), Manhattan Beach, Calif., 100-mi. Golden West Rally, with 56 penalty pts. in Porsche, Sacramento.

MIKE KAPAK, Warren, Ohio, USAC 100-mi. road and race, in 2:00:41.50, with 71 1/2 mph average, in 1967 Ford, Longlake, Pa.

JUNIOR JOHNSON, N. Wilkesboro, N.C., NAR-CAR 100-mi. Grand National 1:24:16 (average), with 74.62 mph average, in 1967 Ford, N. Wilkesboro.

SEGER OFFENBACH KICKERS, over Detroit-DuCher 40-Shers, 4-0, Detroit, over St. Louis Kicks, 4-1, Chicago.

ENGLAND and RUSSIA, 1-1 tie, Moscow.

TENNIS — PANCHO GONZALES, over Lee Had, 3 matches in 1. Gonzales leads pro tour, 11-14 (Davis Cup, European Zone, second round). Britain 2-0, Brazil 0. Italy 2-1, Japan 3. Denmark 4-1, Czech 1. Mexico 3-0, Poland 0. France 1-1, Chile 2. Poland 1-1, Switzerland 1. W. Germany 2-1, Belgium 2.

TRACK & FIELD — CORNELL, Hopedale, Conn., with 43 1/2 pts. Annapolis. LSU, Southwestern Conference title, with 43 5/8 pts. Birmingham. KANSAZ, Big Eight title, with 148 1/3 pts. Co. College, Mo. JOHNNY KELLEY, Grove, Conn., AAU marathon title, in 2:11:00.4 (pace record) for 26 m. 3:45 mile, Yonkers, N.Y.



COLISEUM ENGAGEMENT was announced 17 days after Don Drysdale met Model Gager Dabberly for "A Day with the Dodgers" after

faces in the crowd...



JEANNE CARMETT, 19, pretty Creighton U. sophomore, has been chosen queen of NCAA baseball tournament and will be on hand to welcome nation's top college teams when they vie for title in Omaha, June 13-18.

COMBIE HOWE, husky switch-hitting Detroit rightwinger whose hard shots have handed off many a goalie in his 12 major league years, was named NHL's MVP, equaled Eddie Shore's record as four-year Hart Trophy winner.



LAVERNE CARTER, shapely wife of No. 1 bowler Don Carter is kowler in own right, teamed up with Marion LaSeng to roll record 6,393 for 32 games and win national doubles championship at Redondo Beach, Calif.



JACK COFFEY, one time major league, grand old man of Fordham athletes who has spent more than half his 70 years as Ram player, baseball coach, graduate manager, was feted in New York in honor of retirement June 30.



RAY HORTON, broad-shouldered and bird-legged San Jose State junior with "hydro-mastic start," has already run 100 in 13, last week pined "I bet Bobby Moore's Club" with 2.7 victory at Coliseum Relays.



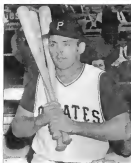
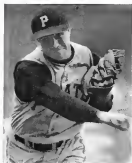
MARY ANN REYNOLDS, pint-size 28-year-old Albany, Ga. housewife, roled in couple of King-size punts, one a 70-footer, to bust Mr. Mainline Glisk 4 and 3 for Southern women's golf championship at Dallas.



RICHARD C. PATTERSON JR., once Columbia varsity star, later U.S. diplomat, now New York's Commissioner of Commerce and Public Events, was given AAU Gold Medal Award for "meritorious service to youth."

X-RAY

Pirates plumped after winning 15 of 20, but stayed in first division



FRANK THOMAS AND FRIEND—Bob Friend, that is; they are important figures in the Pittsburgh Pirates' exciting early-season form. Friend (left), the club's leading pitcher for three years, was off to a good start with a 5-2 record, while Third Baseman Thomas was leading the team in hitting at .342, with 11 home runs and 28 RBIs.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This Week (3/21-3/27)	Season	Week
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
St. Louis	7-8	12-15
San Francisco	3-3	12-8
Pittsburgh	4-2	15-11
Philadelphia	6-2	17-12
Chicago	5-3	13-16
Cincinnati	2-4	16-14
Los Angeles	1-4	16-14

AMERICAN LEAGUE		
New York	9-1	17-5
Chicago	6-3	11-14
Kansas City	4-3	10-17
Baltimore	3-3	15-17
Seattle	3-4	13-16
Cleveland	3-4	13-16
Detroit	2-4	13-16
Washington	3-5	13-13

TEAM LEADERS

Batting		Pitching	
Week	Season	Season	Season
Musial	520	Martel	405
Compton	364	Torre	327
Mays	320	Mays	412
Barnett	250	Thames	344
Backus	229	Musial	327
Wade	361	Wade	295
Dwyer	429	Green	343
Rosenborg	330	Rosenborg	304
Staal	304	McGould	387
Fox	367	Fox	363
Power	392	Conv	344
Woodling	378	Nelson	365
Jensen	346	Russell	324
Vernon	312	Vernon	331
Russo	355	Russo	377
Bridges	332	Bridges	322

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 17)

BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Musial .311 .465
Batting (AL)	Nelson .346 .393
Home run	Compton 37 13
Home run (NL)	(1 per 100 AB)
Home run (AL)	Gore 11
Pitching (NL)	Spahn 14 0
Pitching (AL)	Torrey 11 0
ERA (NL)	North 1.1 1.3
ERA (AL)	Larson 1.0 0.0
Complete	Spahn 14 0
game (NL)	(On 7 starts)
Complete	Torrey 11 0
game (AL)	(On 5 starts)
Team HR (NL)	San Francisco 90
Team HR (AL)	Cleveland 27
Team run (NL)	San Francisco 185
Team run (AL)	Detroit 134
Team hit (NL)	San Francisco 308
Team hit (AL)	Detroit 271

RUNS PRODUCED

Runs Scored	Team Runs Behind in	Total Runs Produced
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Mays, SF (412)	33	18
Thames, SF (332)	23	22
Compton, SF (312)	26	14
Thames, PH (302)	25	17
Barnett, CH (282)	23	17
AMERICAN LEAGUE		
Conv, KC (264)	26	19
P. Bolding, Det (260)	13	14
Spahn, Det (257)	29	10
Green, CH (252)	29	10
Power, KC (245)	18	11

THE ROOKIES

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Compton, SF 322
Home run	Compton, SF 11
Pitching	Compton, SF 25
Pitching	Semproff, Phil 3-3
	Marshall, Phil 261
	Marshall, Phil 2
	Marshall, Phil 5
	Grant, Phil 3-2

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

ATLANTIC SALMON: MAINE: First salmon of season killed on Narragansett River last week. Norman Hathaway of Brewer who flies own plane to interior took 35-inch, 12-pound salmon from Academy Pond on No. 2 Hathaway-damaged-and-tied fly. Few hours later Albert La Caze of Wallumetburg, Mass. killed 35½-inch, 16-pound 7-stripe salmon in Stillwater Pond with No. 4 Mickey Finn. State of Maine's nine salmon rivers now C and approaching N with OVG.

NOVA SCOTIA: Catch total soaring as provincial waters are N and C. Anglers last week reported 95 fish over 20 pounds taken. Lehave was in lead with 25. Medway yielded 14, St. Mary's 13, Round Hill 12, Salmon River and Musquodoboit 6 each; OVG.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: FG in Mono Bay at biggest school in years has moved within half mile of pier. Fish running from 14 to 22 pounds and OVG. Trolling spot off Golden Gate Bridge thanks to winds, but moderation makes OG here also.

WASHINGTON: Pat herring have dried into inner Puget Sound and fine run of early fat spring salmon stocking right with them. FG particularly at Point Lawrence on Orcas Island where 20-pounders are rule on herring.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: OG but results patchy. Kings moving into Comox and Pender Harbor on mainland. Spanish Lake FG. Menah Creek best bet with some springs to 30 pounds.

TARPOON: FLORIDA: Less than three hours after St. Peterburg Tarpon Roundup got under way, Wally Lawrence of Sarasota squelched a 175-pound tarpon, the seventh-largest in 24-year tournament history and only 19 pounds under 170-pound all-time benchmark; FG/OG.

SONEFISH: FLORIDA: Keys at best with many fine sonofish bags reported. Recently Herbert Stone, chairman of the board of the York-Hoover Corporation, York, Pa. took 13 fish in five days ranging from 7 to 12½ pound—out prize.

CHANNEL BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: Largest channel bass of past week taken in Oregon Inlet by Vernon Tuttle Jr. of Norfolk, Va. It weighed 30 pounds. FS in surf as well as inlet with Pflieger No. 7 spoons and cut bait still effective.

WEAKFISH: LOUISIANA: Spookies running furiously in Lake Pontchartrain, where spoons and live croakers are taking catches of a hundred or more. FG top at Cocodrie below Houma and in Grand Isle surf; OG.

MOHAWK: All along coast from Bay St. Louis to Pensacola weeks are starting after plays and slumps. Ship Island, Deer Island, Cat Island and the Reefs all advise FVG/OG.

STRIPED BASS: NEW JERSEY: FG in surf in Long Beach environs for 15-pounders but best news is that 10-pound striper are being taken at Highlands; OG.

MARYLAND: Forty-pounders now at Brink House Bar in Chesapeake and will strike No. 17, 18, 19 Tony Acetta spoons trolled deep.

BLUE MARLIN: NORTH CAROLINA: Captain Edgar Styron of Hatteras last week raised first blue marlin of season No strike, but OG.

TROUT: MINNESOTA: FG, water L and first hatches now emerging. Beaver ponds in



FINE WAHOO which weighed 51 pounds lightened Bermuda holiday for Prince Brian Edworthy-Buckley, 20-year-old sailing brother of Iran's Princess Soraya.

lower reaches of Bluehill River offering brown from 2 to 3 pounds, while Straight River at Park Rapids, a famous brown trout river, switched form and awarded George U. Schmidt of Praise a 2-pound 6-ounce brook; OG, however, for brown trout.

OUTRIGER: High lakes season open May 24 and OG as warm weather has reduced snow pack and uncovered lakes up to 6,000-foot level. Crane Prairie Reservoir on Upper Deschutes expected to produce excellent catches of brookies, rainbow and kokanee. Some snow drifts cover trail leading to Marion Lake, but anglers who must will find lake ice-free and FG. Coastal streams also open. May 24 and openers trolling tide water should reel fat, downriver cutthroat, nestucco, Shasta, Alsea, Shalaka and Casquette rivers all N and OG.

C—water clear	FG—fishing good
N—water normal high	FF—fishing fair
N—water high	FF—fishing poor
L—water low	OVG—outlook very good
R—water rilly	OG—outlook good
Wise—water 25°	

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

7—Dix. Maribel Sargent, AP 8—Lawrence Zolner, U.P. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.



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COMING EVENTS

May 23 to June 1

- * Television
- * Color television
- * Network radio

All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, May 23

- BOXING**
 - * Johnny Russo vs. Lakeman Gosh, lightweight, 10 rds., Madison Square Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- OOB SHOW**
 - Around Specialty Ford Show, Irish Wolfhound Club of America, Red Bank, N.J.
- GOLF**
 - Ashville Women's Open, \$5,000, Asheville, N.C. (through May 25)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Jewel League Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds (55 lbs.), 5 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- SHOOTING**
 - Claybird Shoot Open, Galveston, Texas (through May 25)
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Denver.
- TRACK & FIELD**
 - Rifkin Championships, Albuquerque (also May 24)
 - Mid-American Conference, Kalamazoo, Mich. (also May 24)

Saturday, May 24

- AUTO RACING**
 - Indianapolis "500" Qualifying Trials, Indianapolis (also May 25)
- BASEBALL**
 - * Detroit Tigers vs. New York Yankees, Detroit, 8:00 p.m. (NBC)
 - * Cincinnati Redlegs vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Cincinnati, 8:10 p.m. (CBS)
 - * Milwaukee Braves vs. San Francisco Giants, Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - Nino Valdes vs. Johnny Sumner, heavyweight, 10 rds., Detroit
- HORSE RACING**
 - The California, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 5:30 p.m. (NBC)
 - Jewel Stakes, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/8 m., Garden State Park, N.J., 5 p.m. (CBS)
 - The Acorn, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds (55 lbs.), 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:55 p.m. (NBC) (Trotting)
 - Monitor Special, Roosevelt Raceway, N.Y., 10:20 p.m. (NBC)
- HUNT RACING**
 - Advanced Hunt Racing Association, Purchase, N.Y.
- LADDER**
 - Washington Lacrosse Club vs. Johns Hopkins, Baltimore
 - Princeton vs. Cornell, Princeton, N.J.
- TRACK & FIELD**
 - New England Championships, Groton, Maine.

Sunday, May 25

- BASEBALL**
 - * Chicago White Sox vs. Boston Red Sox, Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- ROLLER SKATING**
 - * Roller Derby, New York (ABC, New York Sunday)
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Salt Lake City.

Monday, May 26

- BASEBALL**
 - * Kansas City Athletics vs. Baltimore Orioles, Kansas City, Mo., 2:25 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - * Gus Weindorf vs. Eddie Andrews, middleweight, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (The Maid)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Arkansas-Oklahoma Hurdle, \$2,500, Fort Smith, Ark. (through May 31)
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Boise, Idaho.

Tuesday, May 27

- HORSE RACING**
 - Bagley Stakes, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds (colts and geldings), 3 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Spokane, Wash.

Wednesday, May 28

- BASEBALL**
 - * Chicago White Sox vs. Washington Senators, Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - * Betty Bonson vs. Betty Rogers, lightweight, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Seattle

Thursday, May 29

- GOLF**
 - Western Open, \$25,000, Detroit (through June 1)
- BOXING**
 - Milwaukee Hurdle, \$5,000, Milwaukee (through June 1)
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Vancouver, B.C.

Friday, May 30

- AUTO RACING**
 - Indianapolis "500," Indianapolis
 - NASCAR Grand National Division Race, \$20,000, 500 miles, Trenton, N.J.
- BASEBALL**
 - * Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Milwaukee Braves (doubleheader), Pittsburgh, 2:10 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - Harbor Ocean Sailing Cup Race, San Francisco (also May 31)
 - Chauvante vs. St. Petersburg, Fla. Ocean Race Southern Class, Ocean Race, Victoria, B.C. (through June 1)
- BOXING**
 - * Solfer Weiss vs. Jimmy Dornham, middleweight, 10 rds., Miami Beach, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Center Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 7 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.
 - Belmont Turf, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/8 m. (turf course), Belmont-at-Washington Park Colonial Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up (colts and mares), 6 f., Garden State Park, N.J.
 - Will Rogers Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds (colts and geldings), 1 m., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Trotting)
 - The Transamerica (pace), \$10,000, Maywood, Ill.
- SHOOTING**
 - Shogran Open Clay Shoot, Louisville (through June 1)
- TRACK & FIELD**
 - ICAA Championships, Villanova, Pa. (also May 31)

- BASEBALL**
 - * St. Louis Cardinals vs. San Francisco Giants, St. Louis, 2:45 p.m. (CBS)
 - * Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Milwaukee Braves, Pittsburgh, 3 p.m. (NBC)
 - * Philadelphia Phillies vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Philadelphia, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - International Cup, unboxed hydron, Khabarovsk City, U.S.S.R. (also June 1)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Golden Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Garden State Park, N.J.
 - * Peter Pan Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/8 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
 - The Clay, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 7 f., Belmont-at-Washington Park
 - Hollywood Express, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.
 - Brooklyn Turf Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/8 m. (turf course), Delwood Park, Del.
- HUNT RACING**
 - Quaker Meeting, Leesville.
- LADDER**
 - Away vs. Navy, West Point, N.Y.
- SHOOTING**
 - Western Shoot Open, Fresno, Calif. (also June 1)
 - Cornell Shoot Short Shoot Open, Maywood, Ill. (also June 1)
- TRACK & FIELD**
 - California Relays, Modesto, Calif.

Saturday, May 31

- BASEBALL**
 - * St. Louis Cardinals vs. San Francisco Giants, St. Louis, 2:45 p.m. (CBS)
 - * Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Milwaukee Braves, Pittsburgh, 3 p.m. (NBC)
 - * Philadelphia Phillies vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Philadelphia, 1:50 p.m. (Mutual)
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 - Cornell Shoot Short Shoot Open, Maywood, Ill. (also June 1)
- TRACK & FIELD**
 - California Relays, Modesto, Calif.

Sunday, June 1

- BASEBALL**
 - * Philadelphia Phillies vs. Cincinnati Redlegs, Philadelphia, 1 p.m. (CBS)
 - * Chicago White Sox vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Chicago, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - Away to New York City 180-mile Outboard Motor
- PHYSICAL FITNESS**
 - National Youth Fitness Week (through June 7)
- TENNIS**
 - Pro Tour: Head vs. Gonzalez, Santa Barbara, Calif.

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FACT 2. Your cooling system directly affects 141 engine parts



This picture illustrates the number of engine parts directly affected by the operation of your cooling system. If clogged with rust and corrosion, you can get faulty performance from your radiator, valve guides, cylinder walls, valve seats, oil pump, water pump, bearings, pistons, piston pins, valve tappets, valve springs, piston rings, timing gear, gaskets, thermostats, heater and defroster. Once the inside of the cooling system is contaminated with rust and corrosion, engine heat is not efficiently taken away, and the excess heat leads to trouble with all these vital parts. The best procedure is to prevent cooling system trouble before it starts.

FACT 3. "Permanent" antifreeze should only be used one winter



Engineers and leading automotive experts agree that "permanent" antifreeze is permanent—for one winter of driving! Hard use wears out the rust inhibitors that protect the sensitive inside walls of your cooling system. The antifreeze solution itself won't freeze, but it is subject to rust. And, additional rust inhibitors may or may not mix with the antifreeze formulation in your cooling system. Antifreezes of major oil and automotive companies are the best protection money can buy for the winter—not for the hot summer months ahead. So to be sure, use antifreezes—no matter what kind or brand—for one winter only.

FACT 4. Expert cooling system service will mean better all-around engine performance



A few minutes spent with your regular serviceman can mean many hours of trouble-free driving. While draining your radiator, your favorite serviceman will also see if the cooling system should be flushed and cleaned. He will check gaskets, water pump, thermostats, fan belt and many of the parts mentioned in Fact 2, above. He knows what to look for and how to fix things that have gone wrong or are worn out. By placing your car, truck or tractor in his capable hands, you are insuring yourself the best possible engine performance all summer long. This expert service will mean much to the life of your engine.



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BURSTING BETWEEN LINCOLN ROAD (10) AND TALENT SHOW (2), SPIRITED TIM TAM (8) STARTS HIS VICTORIOUS STRETCH RUN

**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
MAY 26, 1958

BLAST-OFF—

The 82nd Preakness went to valorous Tim Tam, who should be the first in a decade to win racing's Triple Crown; but Silky sank back into legend, earning his ticket home

by WHITNEY TOWER

TRADITIONAL Maryland hospitality was in evidence during Preakness Week at the proud old Pimlico Race Course. Management stabled most of the leading Preakness contenders in the same barn, allowing Tim Tam, Silky Sullivan, Noureddin, Lincoln Road and Gone Fishin' to keep a suspicious eye on each other and encouraging their trainers to indulge in a favorite pursuit: a pleasant exchange of "white lie" flattery and cheerful evasion.

Calumet's trainer, Jimmy Jones, always a leader in these conversational sorties, was—like his Tim Tam—in the pink. He was ready to accept a jocular wrestling challenge tossed at him by Silky Sullivan's exercise boy. He watched Silky's final pre-race blowout and told Trainer Reggie Cornell, "One thing about your horse, Reggie, you sure got him legged up nice for this one; he's a different colt from when we saw him in Kentucky, and he looks like he's ready to run."

The Sullivan entourage was registering mild optimism. "Silky's goin' to show his best," declared a relaxed Cornell. "He likes this track, his works have been fine and if he doesn't

run his race this time we'll have not one excuse. Not one."

All this, of course, was before Tim Tam, Calumet's Kentucky Derby winner, transformed the 82nd Preakness into a victory-run shambles last week with as gallant a show of combined ability and racing disposition as has been seen in many a year.

The running of the Preakness itself was no anticlimax except for the unfortunate who held close to their hearts the faint hope that Silky Sullivan was about to redeem himself with such a nerve-shattering performance that forever more he would be likened to Man o' War instead of to the potential color-bearer of a St. Patrick's Day parade. And Silky was a scene stealer to the very end. The enormous chestnut, whose California dramatics—together with the advantage of racing's greatest promotional press-radio-television buildup—had made him the most popular horse in history, was just another big bust. Knowledgeable horsemen everywhere felt Silky was no great shakes, but even the severest of his critics, themselves fascinated by the magnitude of Silky's personality, admitted that

they hoped the colt would "run his race," giving his audience, at least, the benefit of a California run which might conceivably put the Santa Anita Derby winner in the money.

And in the paddock, while Tim Tam and the others drew normal attention, it was Silky Sullivan who again monopolized the applause. It was all he drew that warm cloudy afternoon in Baltimore. His one run in the race, after trailing by over 30 lengths up the backstretch, was quickly dramatic but quickly over. Moving under Willie Shoemaker at about the half-mile pole, Silky put in a great lick of about an eighth of a mile—a move that television audiences were treated to at the expense of a view of the fabulous skill with which Tim Tam was collaring the leaders and exerting his mastery over the best of his age. But by the quarter pole Silky Sullivan was finished, a tired "hanging" colt who saved himself eighth place in the 12-horse field and earned himself a ticket back home to California on the now inescapable grounds that 1) he cannot, for all of his momentary speed, concede 30 lengths to good horses and hope to get them back; 2) he probably isn't a distance horse anyway, as his pedigree (S1, April 28) certainly suggested; and 3) if he's the best California has to offer this year, he'd better confine his racing to that part of the world.

Tim Tam, on the other hand, won



INCHING PAST FRONT-RUNNER LINCOLN ROAD IN MIDSTRETCH, CALUMET COLT CROSSER PIMLICO FINISH LINE ALERT AND ALOOF

AND FLAME-OUT

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

his Preakness the way many a champion has to: with courage from the start and determination and class at the finish. At this mile and 3/16 distance a come-from-behind horse like Tim Tam is at a certain disadvantage against good speed colts able to negotiate Pimlico's tight turns and equally able to cash in on the comparatively short stretch. With this in mind Jimmy Jones had one major reservation: "The horse that takes the money home will have to catch Lincoln Road."

Well, Tim Tam did take home the money, but he worked hard for it. Off to his customary slow start, he was back in ninth place going into the first turn and it took the most commendable courage on the part of jockey Mito Valenzuela not to press the panic button there and then. But Mito, blessed with both skill and patience, worked out just the right formula for "using up" his horse little by little in a brilliantly sustained run that saw the blur of devil's-red and blue pick up horses one by one up the backstretch. Then it didn't seem possible that Tim Tam would have a finishing kick sufficient to overhaul the front-running Lincoln Road, who, as usual, had bounded out of the gate and barreled immediately to the front in another of his plucky do-or-die efforts to steal it all from end to end. But Valenzuela stormed up on the outside of Lincoln Road and, after a brief head-and-head duel, Tim

Tam rolled away to finish a length and a half in front. Gossie Fishin', who has recently appeared to be a far better California representative than Silky Sullivan, managed to take third place by a nose over the long-shot Plion, while the second-choice Jewel's Reward ran disappointingly all the way and finished seventh.

It seems more than likely that U.S. racing has found in Tim Tam the ninth Triple Crown winner in his-

tory, and the first since another Calumet colt named Citation turned the trick just 10 years ago. "We've got a good shot at it now," said a jubilant Jimmy Jones after the race. "Even if Tim Tam wins the Belmont [June 7], I wouldn't want to compare him to Citation—how can you compare any horse to Citation?—but even right now I've got to put this colt down as one of the most honest tryers I've ever seen."

END

END OF SILKY: Irritably swishing his famous tail after running eighth, Silky Sullivan and his chabby trainer, Reggie Cornell, start on long trip back to California.



SPECTACLE

Photographed by John G. Zimmerman

Man with a Million Fans

**Baseball's fabulous young
strikeout whiz, Herb Score,
is back again as good as before**



SCORE BEFORE AND JUST AFTER THE ACCIDENT

DOWN AT THE Cleveland Indian spring training camp in Tucson last February, before there was much of anybody around except a groundskeeper and a stray burro or two, the townspeople used to go out to the park each day just to watch a young man throw a baseball. His name—and it is fashionable to mention it in the same breath with Walter Johnson and Bob Feller—was Herbert Jude Score. That so much interest should be shown in one baseball player trying to get a bit of a head start on the season is easily explained. In all the years that men have been playing the game, there have been only a very few who could throw a baseball as hard as Herb Score. Added to this were the elements of drama and suspense: At the age of 24, could this tremendously gifted young man come back from the near-tragic event of last summer, when he was struck in the right eye and temporarily blinded by a hard-hit baseball, to regain the supreme skills he possessed before?

Now enough returns are in to predict a happy ending to the story, and even American League hitters, who do not count themselves among Herb's biggest fans, are glad that this is so, because they, too, admit that he is one of the world's nicest young men.

Despite injuries which have caused him to miss several recent pitching turns, Score looks like the Score of old. He has struck out 33 batters in 30 innings, a feat which keeps pace with his never-before-matched record of averaging a strikeout an inning (580 in 542) throughout his career.

For the edification of those who have wondered what it is like to stand at the plate with a bat in one's hands and face this big, powerful left-hander and his humming fast ball, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is happy to present on the next four pages John Zimmerman's rare color photographs of Herb Score in action.









EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Nadir Note

A DOLEFUL CONUNDRUM going the rounds in southern California last week:

Question: What has 18 legs and lives in the cellar?

Answer: The Los Angeles Dodgers.

Who Cares for Money?

WHAT'S THE MATTER with the team? This is not an unusual question to ask of a ball club that is sprawling uncomfortably prostrate in a big league basement. It has been asked about the Dodgers in bars and bowling alleys and across breakfast tables for some weeks now, but seldom has it been asked under more portentous circumstances or in a more awesome setting than last week. The scene was the hearing room of a full-fledged California state legislative committee, watched by the probing eyes of TV. The questioner was an elected representative of the people of California, and the witness on the stand was none other than Mr. Walter O'Malley, one man who should know if anybody does what's wrong with the Dodgers.

Whatever was wrong with them, Mr. O'Malley implied in answer, could easily be set right by the people of California or, more specifically, by the people of the Californian city of Los Angeles. As a matter of fact, nobody knew for sure just why the state legislators were asking questions about the Dodgers at all, except that it had become a kind of local habit. But everybody in Los Angeles knew that within a couple of weeks it would be up to the city's 1,105,427 registered voters to decide whether Big League Baseball's best-known strolling players should be allowed to pitch their tent—in the form of

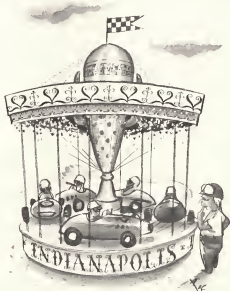
a new ball park and stadium "seating not less than 50,000 people"—on 300 acres of city property in Chavez Ravine or be sent on their way none knew whither.

All over the city, pollsters were busy seeking the shape of things to come. One organization of professional and business men canvassed its members and found them 61.6% in favor of the Dodgers. An independent research outfit proclaimed the city 55.5% in favor of the Chavez move. Comedian Joe E. Brown's Taxpayers

Committee for Yes on Baseball declared O'Malley's boys a shoo-in as far as Chavez was concerned. As for Walter O'Malley himself, he made it quite clear that the referendum on June 3 would mean life or death for the Dodgers as a Los Angeles team.

After some six months of scorn and ridicule in the nation's press, westward-trending Walter O'Malley was still a prophet without honor in the land of his adoption. All he had to show for his weeks of play on the West

continued



Fazio: "Caramba! It is a merry-go-round, but not child's play."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Coast so far was a mere \$1,200,000 in gross gate receipts, an additional \$500,000 in radio tolls and some \$120,000 in cuts on the hot dogs and soda pop sold in his temporary home. To many a baseball promoter in the first weeks of a new stand, such profits might seem undreamed-of riches, but Walter O'Malley is a man with feelings, a man with pride. Who cares for money when love is withheld? Not the proprietor of the Los Angeles Dodgers. If L.A. doesn't care enough to give the Dodgers a permanent home, then the Dodgers, like



Longfellow's Arabs, will simply fold up their tents and silently steal away. "It is very nice to want to stay some place," said Walter O'Malley, "but you can't stay if you don't have a place to play."

What is wrong with the Dodgers?

The Dodgers, according to Walter O'Malley, who should know, are just plain unhappy. "The team has become afflicted with a phobia because of playing 21 of its first 25 games in an unorthodox park."

They Said It

STAN MUSIAL, has 30000k hit in his pocket, addressing a near-midnight crowd of grown-ups and youngsters who welcomed him at St. Louis' Union Station: "I've got a word for all the kids here"—and the crowd hushed expectantly—"Be in school tomorrow!"

DANNY MURTAUGH, Pittsburgh Pirate manager, when asked why he charged unprovoked onto the diamond: "The game was being televised back to Chester, Pa. and I wanted my wife and kids to get a look at me."

BOB MATHIAS, returning from Europe: "We won most of the track events [at Melbourne], and we told ourselves that's what counts. Well, in 1960 we're not even going to win those. We've been standing still. The Russians have been concentrating on the events we've always dominated."

SHERRY WHEELER, 17-year-old golfer, explaining her loss in the quarter-finals of Dallas' Southern Championship: "I kept thinking of that new song, Purple People Eater. That's all that was running through my mind. I deserved to lose."

Handicapper on High

HIGH ABOVE the milling crowds of railbirds at Pimlico the cast-iron weather vane swung gently in the breeze atop the Maryland Jockey Club cupola. The colors tinting its sculptured horse and rider had faded somewhat during the last 12 months, but the discerning eye below could still detect in them the bay flanks of Bold Ruler and the yellow-and-purple silks of Wheatley Stable worn by Eddie Arcaro as he rode the Ruler to victory in last year's Preakness.

Nearby on the tin roof, a 6¢ cigar clamped firmly between his teeth, a short, chunky and grizzled artisan thoughtfully pondered a race program and a box of paints.

"Let's see," he considered slowly. "I'll need cerise and blue. Then I'll need a royal blue." He drew his hand across the stubble of his paint-spattered face. "Then I'm awful likely to need this devil's red. I'd better figure to have some of that up here." He went on, after a moment, intently regarding the program, talking mostly to himself. "I'll have to get a good look at that Silky. I'm not sure of his color. If Silky wins, I'll have to change the horse's color. The fellow up there now—Bold Ruler—he's a bay. Silky's a chestnut."

"What are you gonna do if Gone

Fishin' takes it?" asked the man's 16-year-old son and assistant who was propped against a chimney nearby. "Ah," said the older man, "I won't need any paint for him. Not at 15 to 1. The Preakness is no race for long shots."

There was a long spell of silence as the figure in the paint-spattered coveralls contemplated the crowd below him. For 20 years, George Dragoos (and come to think of it, somebody ought to name a horse for Mr. Dragoos) has spent the afternoon of the Preakness on this roof waiting to repaint the weather vane in the winner's colors, pondering the odds and studying the crowd. "They really take it serious," he said. "Sometimes you see them leave their babies in the car and forget all about them in the excitement. And you ought to see the chauffeurs in the parking lot. They wait all dignified for the boss to get away and then suddenly come to life, hurrying to get a bet down."

The painter shook his head again and faced squarely the possibility that after all Gone Fishin' might win. "Well," he muttered at last, "fuchsia. That's kind of got me; still I guess I could mix it all right."

Came the eighth race and the end of Mr. Dragoos' musing. As it turned out, the cerise and blue of Jewel's Reward and Maine Chance were not needed that afternoon. Neither was the royal blue signifying Lincoln Road nor the fuchsia that would have meant Gone Fishin' (though fuchsia showed that afternoon). Nor certainly the chestnut coating of Silky Sullivan. As Mr. Dragoos has done six times in the last 20 years, he reached into his paint pot for the devil's red on Tim Tam and then climbed down, leaving the colors of Calumet Farm riding high in the Maryland sky.

Paging the Navy

FORM and the forecasts (SI, May 5) held up on Lake Carnegie, just as they did at Pimlico. Pulling like a boatload of Tim Tams, Jim Rathschmidt's Yale crew beat Harvard, Penn and the rest of an entering field of 13 to win the Eastern Sprints

championship by a final and conclusive length and a quarter.

The day will be remembered for a rare piece of bad luck. Just 200 yards from the finish, and with Harvard pressing for a solid second place, Harvard Stroke Bob Lawrence miscalculated with his oar, caught a crab and was heaved plunk into Lake Carnegie by his recoiling handle. So Harvard got third and Penn second, but the accident had no bearing on Yale's victory.

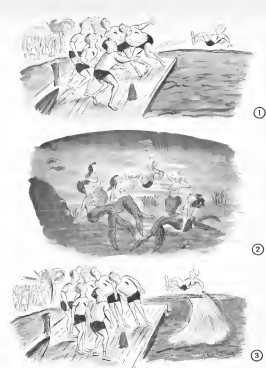
Yale stands out now as the finest crew in the East, with only the Huskies of the University of Washington, possibly, left to challenge them in the land. And Yale and Washington are not scheduled to meet. Not unless they meet at Henley early this July, that is. Washington will go to the classic English race if they win their remaining races on the Coast—almost a foregone matter. By its victory in the Eastern Sprints, Yale has all but an engraved invitation to Henley but isn't sure it can go. Why not? Well, Rusty Wailes, Yale's No. 7 oar, has a summer wedding date, and John Cooke, the No. 3, has a summer job to carry him through his fifth year of engineering. And Bob Morey, the stroke, is all set for Navy service on an icebreaker leaving for the Arctic in July. Obviously, a lot of people will have to say yes before the Yales take off for Henley.

We hope that the U.S. Navy, Rusty Wailes' girl and the rest of the people concerned will say yes, because Henley seems to be the only place in sight where the rival claims of Yale and the Washington Huskies can be settled this year.

There is another reason. The State Department has promised to pay for the transportation of a U.S. crew from Henley to Moscow, to race against a Russian shell in mid-July. The crew that pulls for the U.S. on the Moskva should be our best.

Committee Meeting

AFTER DELIBERATING three days in the South Turtle Room of Tokyo's Imperial Hotel, the 31 members of the International Olympic Committee adjourned to attend a



lavish garden party given by the governor of Tokyo and then to embark on a five-day sightseeing tour of Japan.

In order to do this, the committee cut down its deliberating time by one whole day but was less successful in its announced intention of cutting the size and scope of the Olympic Games. It did drop the bobbed event from the Winter Olympics ("too expensive") and announced a cut in gymnastic teams from eight men to five. But a proposal to set a ceiling of three men from each nation participating in the track and field events at Rome in 1960 remains a proposal. The International Amateur Athletic Federation will study it again at its Stockholm meeting next August.

Also unsuccessful was a bid to reduce the numbers of masseurs and managers, despite the Marquess of Exeter's disclosure that at London in 1948 these totaled a nightmarish

800 and despite his lordship's blunt characterization of such functionaries as "freeloaders."

Battling to reduce the swollen entries and soaring expenditures, the IOC actually found itself adding a women's foil team in fencing and seriously contemplating an 800-meter relay for women. "We are biting away," cried the IOC president, Avery Brundage. "We are chewing off bits." But his statement lacked conviction.

The Emperor of Japan broke all imperial tradition by opening the IOC congress himself. It was the first international gathering he has ever opened. Eighteen court musicians, warming their ancient woodwind instruments over white porcelain charcoal braziers, piped for four male six-footers who danced on a huge green carpet in scarlet robes and green silk hats. Then a curtain lifted to disclose a 100-piece orchestra

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

and a chorus of 250 who performed the Olympic Hymn. From this auspicious start, the entranced IOC delegates went on to a tea party at the palace where they drank sake and champagne.

At the Tokyo governor's party, delegates ate deep-fried shrimp, raw fish, and boiled vegetables with mustard and watched a fireworks display which printed geisha girls, a snow-capped Mount Fuji and "Welcome IOC" on the night sky. Italy's Dr. Giorgio de Stefani, regarding the pretty kimono-clad daughters of Japanese diplomats who acted as hostesses, breathed "Never have I beheld such women."

All this hospitality was not uncalculated: Japan wants the IOC, at its Munich meeting next year, to select Tokyo for the 1964 Olympic Games.

TV to the Rescue

SOME PEOPLE, located for the most part west of the Alleghenies, claim that New York City is not even a part of the United States. Their views are readily recognizable in the deeds, if not the words, of certain major league baseball team owners who fled the supposed apathy of New York's ball fans to seek greener fields elsewhere. The eagerness with which the fans themselves have so far eschewed Yankee Stadium, site of the only major league games left in the city, gives added weight to the view that America's biggest town is basically un-American. But one patriotic and canny group which refuses to credit any such nonsense is the city's TV producers.

Last week, with the Yankees off to Washington, New York fans could not have watched a big league ball club play in their city even if they wanted to, but that incontrovertible fact did not for a single moment impair or interfere with their enjoyment of the national game. Thanks to the TV men, the fluorescent screens of the Empire City of the East were bursting with big league ball on three channels. At the flick of a tuning switch New York's baseball fans could enjoy the Yankee tour on Chan-

nel 11 under the aegis of Ballantine beer and the Reynolds Tobacco Co., watch the Philadelphia Phillies in one of 78 National League games scheduled on Channel 9, courtesy of Phillies Cigars and assorted wine and tire companies or follow the fortunes of the St. Louis Cardinals on Channel 13, courtesy of Budweiser beer.

The Cards' invasion of New York living rooms marked the beginning of a full schedule of National League games featuring the Cards, the Pirates, the Dodgers and the Giants to be piped into the metropolitan district via Newark's newly named Station WNTA. Approximately half the tab (estimated total cost \$750,000) for this venture will be picked up by St. Louis' Anheuser-Busch brewery, and a big share of describing the out-of-towners' games to New Yorkers will be borne by a 33-year-old veteran Budweiser plugger named Jack Buck.

An articulate ex-speech major from Ohio State University, Buck knows baseball in general and the Cards in particular like the back of his hand and can describe both in vivid and sensible, conversational American. Before he had even finished his first stint on Channel 13 last week, some 400 New Yorkers had called the station to offer cheers and thanks, some saying that it was the best baseball announcing they had heard in a blue moon.

It was indeed refreshing to hear a



Blind Man's Bluff

Our umpire's surely
Not one to complain,
But why does he carry
That queer white cane?

—JAMES L. STEIN

man who not only knew where the ball was going at all times but also appraised the athletes on his employer's payroll in a way that made it pretty obvious that some of them were human beings who might still have a shortcoming or two in their chosen profession. He was a hard man to tune out.

"My biggest problem now," says Buck, "is trying to be impartial. I'm a pretty enthusiastic Cardinal man, but I don't want to color my New York broadcasts. It's going to be hard to find just the right pitch."

During Buck's first broadcast one New Yorker complained that he was too pro-Giant—a bitter charge to lay against a Cardinal man. But whatever the complaints the fans made, one thing seemed certain: New Yorkers are not exactly apathetic about baseball even if baseball is apathetic about them.

Football Fatalities

ANY SPORT involving violent competitive exertion is bound to include an element of danger, and football is no exception. Last year, according to the latest annual American Football Coaches Association survey of football fatalities in the U.S., 16 young men died as the result of playing football.

Lest mothers and teachers become alarmed, however, let it be quickly said that the figure represented a drop of 1.38 from the average of fatalities over the last 26 years and left football a far safer pastime than water sports (387 deaths from drowning to one from football in proportion to the persons exposed) or shooting (241 deaths to one in football). October is the worst month, and a player's first five minutes in the game are the most dangerous.

To reduce hazards even further, football's safety committee recommends: 1) thorough warmups before games; 2) more emphasis on shoulder and neck muscle exercises; 3) at least six days of drilling on fundamentals before scrimmage; 4) three weeks of preseason practice; 5) more complete medical exams; 6) qualified sports doctors on every bench; 7) better helmets.



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ASHORE, EXPERIENCED MRS. HOWARD ZECK CONDUCTS SPINNAKER DRILL WITH A MODEL

'SAILING WIDOWS' TAKE ACTION

TURED of sitting prettily on the porches of Seattle's Corinthian Yacht Club, or of being the least accomplished and least patiently put-up-with members of their husbands' crews, 33 young matrons set uncertainly out to sea on Lake Washington the other day. As the lubberly wives of men who like to sail, they were taking direct action to win themselves an acknowledged share of elbow room in the family boat.

The teachers are women club members who already know how to handle

boats. "Women learn better from other women than from their husbands," said a student. "Husbands are inclined to be impatient."

In five shore-school sessions the girls learned nomenclature, marline-spike seamanship, sailing to windward and other essentials. Then, on a fine May morning, the group had its first real sailing lesson on Lake Washington. Aside from a couple of near smotherings from jibs not briskly hoisted, things went amazingly well.

There was a man-overboard drill,

designed to answer the question, "If your husband fell overboard, what would you do?" One dutiful wife reported she had rescued him all right, but only "after six tries and minus a head."

"That," said an instructor, "is why we use dummies. They float better than husbands."

Two seasons' experience has shown that, despite awkward beginnings, the ladies do make good sailors.

This is a growing idea. It could spread, and we bet that it will.

AFLOAT, THE LADIES FIND REAL RIGGING TO BE MORE OF A PUZZLE THAN THEY HAD EXPECTED. START SLOWLY BUT LEARN FAST



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE LIGHT AND HEAVY SIDES OF A



WEIGHTY SUBJECT

THIS DELIGHTED GENTLEMAN at left impersonating a cowboy is Trofim Lomakin, a Russian weight lifter. Impersonating a Sabine woman is Joanne Boyne, also known, and appropriately, as Miss Body Beautiful. This horseplay took place at the Stock Yards Inn, where Trofim and teammates, in Chicago for the first of three matches with the U.S., had lunched. Lomakin beamed broadly in the saddle until a sensitive Texan muttered "undignified." Lomakin dismounted. Lomakin also tried to buy a beer when his trainer's back was turned. "Nyet," said a teammate, staying his outstretched hand. The irrepressible Lomakin, however, finally got to push the little bantamweight Vladimir Stogov (lower right) into a swimming pool at the Illinois A.C.

Stogov had a further unscheduled experience. He found himself in a Ford Skyliner, where he was invited to push the button which retracts the hard top. As the top descended, Stogov scrambled out as if the sky were falling. After that he was content to manipulate the automatic gear-shift lever. Explained Stogov in German to an AAU official: "Eins, zwei, drei—zip!" "Ja Amerika," corrected the official, "eins—zip!" Middleweight Fedor Bogdanovsky, who has his nickname, Fedya, tattooed on his left hand—"a childish folly"—also learned a thing or two; he can now say like a jolly parrot: "Small. Small. Smile. How do you do? How are you? Hello. Good luck." Miss Body Beautiful, alas, was not so fortunate. She wanted to kiss the weight lifters, but the AAU thought it would be better "to keep sex out of this."

This was an excellent caution, for weight lifters are a tormented lot, and Miss Body Beautiful might well have unsettled them. "The psychological is more important than the physiological in weight lifting," one learned lifter has said. "Weight lifting is almost unique because it has a tangible object. There it lies. You approach the weight. You ponder it. You need to have contempt for the weight to succeed." The most contemptuous of the Russians is the sophisticated physician, Dr. Arkadiy Vorobiev (upper right).

The Russians won in Chicago 6-1 and in Detroit 4-3. It was well after midnight in New York, the competition was tied at 3-3 and Vorobiev had to succeed in his lift to make a Russian victory absolutely certain. He provided the platform wringing his chalked hands; he approached the weight and contemplated it briefly, haughtily. Then he abruptly turned his back and stalked off in distracted circles, turned again and gazed supplicatingly into the dark, lofty recesses of Madison Square Garden, where 3,033 sat in silence, and marched to the bar as to his loom. He failed but, ironically, it turned out that he weighed three-quarters of a pound less than his opponent, and since they had lifted identical amounts the Russians triumphed once more. The meet over they applauded themselves softly, as is their custom. It was a nice gesture, a gentle show of pride.



MIDDLE-HEAVYWEIGHT ARKADIY VOROBIEV LIFTS IMPLOINGLY



U.S. FEATHERWEIGHT ISAK BERGER WAS THREE-TIME WINNER



BANTAMWEIGHT VLADIMIR STOGOV HUFFS, PUFFS UNDER BAR

IN THE OLD CAVALRY TRADITION

Although the baby boy perched on the mud-spattered rail at the left is not yet a rider, he is not many years away from becoming one. His parents, as well as those of some 300 riders on hand for the seventh annual Junior Essex Troop Horse Show near West Orange, N.J., are devoted adherents of that proven adage: start 'em young.

The three-day show was not only strictly for junior riders (under 18) but was managed by the juniors, too, with assists from hard-working mothers and fathers. No impromptu affair, the Junior Essex rates as an "honor show" in the American Horse Shows Association's roster.

Suitably, it was the start-young belief that led to the birth of the Junior Essex Troop a generation ago. In the more halcyon days of the U.S.

Army Cavalry, the Essex Troop existed as a social club for the members of the 102nd Regiment, and a junior auxiliary was formed to instruct boys with the cavalry urge. After the horse was eliminated from the Army, the troop placed its rolling New Jersey farm, where the show is now held, at the disposal of its junior organization, so riding still carries on in the old cavalry tradition.

Naturally, even Army tradition has had to make way for the girls—and this year visiting young ladies captured the biggest share of the prizes. The weather was a continuous nuisance: it rained steadily for two of the three days. But no very audible complaints were heard from the youngsters. "After all," one pointed out, "we'd much rather ride in the rain than not be able to ride at all."

YOUNGEST SPECTATOR. 7-month-old Ross Hugo-Vidal, is held on rail by mother Shirley, former Olympic rider.

Photographed by Susan Greenberg



SMALL COMPETITOR. 8-year-old Whitney Ann Neville, watches brother Edwin (right) from back of her pony Joe.

MONEY-WINNING 8-year-old, Edwin Neville III, accepts \$40 check after his mare Weathervane won small pony working hunter stake.





DETERMINED EQUESTRIENNE, 6-year-old Bettina Miller, lines up her Captivating Cippy in the walk-trot horsemanship event. Bettina, veteran of two shows, was third.



BEFORE THE EVENT, uncertain Bettina was reassured by instructor of her ability to ride before crowd.



BIGGEST WINNER, 15-year-old Carol Hofmann who captured the Netherlands Trophy for modified three-day event, takes temporary cover from rain while awaiting next class.

BIGGEST DELEGATION was led by Mrs. Philip Hayes, here commiserating with horse over weather, who sent 23 riders from New Canaan Troop into ring.





PATRIARCH AND LADIES IN PENN'S WOODS

The wild turkey is due for a comeback with epicures now that Pennsylvania and other northeastern states are actively fostering the birds. But let John Stuart Martin, a sportsman-conservationist who was out for trout, convey in this third-person essay an experience that came his way the other day in a Monroe County glade of what used to be called Penn's Woods:

HUNTING wild turkeys in the autumn is one thing. Beholding them by accident in springtime, as a casual incident while trout fishing, that is something almost incredibly else again. Consider the sensations of this wet-fly addict.

He was laced out a tricky little torrent called the Devil's Hole, a stream that rushes impudently between the opposed knees of two gentle mountains joined in prayer, perhaps for that pioneer of Pennsylvania conservation, old Giff Pinchot. Despite copious April rains the water was diamond clear and, with even the skunk cabbage up only six inches, there was no cover. To find fish took a long line and careful stepping to avoid commotion. Under those conditions a man sits often to ease his wrist, back and ankles, and to wonder why he came.

So sitting, so wondering, our friend was suddenly electrified by a stentorian command from the ruling spirit of that limberlost: gobble-obble-obble-obble. The man flipped cigarette into stream and froze.

Again the gobbler laid down the law, even nearer this time. Excitement and the warm sun made the man sweat freely. Gnats swarmed at his nose and temples. But still he sat motionless, waiting. He had hunted wild turkeys in the South many a year. He knew how spooky they are, yet how, amazingly, they will walk right up to you if you just keep still.

Into the white-oak glade not 30 steps away minced a graceful hen turkey, the sun striking purple and fire and cerulean glints on her mossy-brown back. She was followed by another and another and another until there were six. Behind them all, with

his bronze-tipped tail fanned up like half a windmill, his wings dragging widely on the forest floor and his ponderous pendant wattles all aflame, strode the sultan himself.

They had fed and were coming here to water. While his ladies delicately drank, up-tilting their slim heads and sinuous necks, the potentate fumed and strutted and gobbled some more. When the hens were done and turned to walk away, he "pakked" at them brusquely, took an alert look all around, then refreshed his own great gullet. He was a patriarch who would weigh all of 25 pounds—twice that if you had to carry him two miles.

It was a bit more than the fisherman could bear. Wild turkeys on the ground, and so very near, are breathtaking. But there is an even better way to see them; on the wing, over a gun, when they have a power, a majesty, a challenge surpassing anything else that flies. These must be flushed. It would teach them a lesson in security and—well, it would do a man an even greater good.

Springing to his feet with a whoop, the fisherman snatched up his rod and poised it as he would his Parker doublebore. Without a split-second's hesitation upsprang all seven of the huge anachronisms, their broad, cuppy wings whooshing loudly, their necks craning to pick a way up through the high canopy of budding branches. Off and up they drove with speed and agility that always amazes in birds who look so cumbersome at rest.

Two deliberate, imaginary shots rang out silently. In the man's mind's eye first a glossy hen fell and then, because he had taken off last, it was the mighty gobbler's turn, and the earth almost shook with his thud.

Lowering his four-ounce fowling piece, the fisherman tucked it under his arm and watched those magical great shapes wing away—strong and high now over the springtime timber, far, far up the glen between the praying mountains.

He chuckled aloud and thought he heard himself say, "Oh, lordy, lordy! Thank you, good Lord, for this day."

NATIONAL

June 1-7

YOUTH FITNESS WEEK

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS the youth of our Nation constitutes one of our most valuable assets, and

WHEREAS the scientific and technological advances of recent years have eased the problems and hardships of everyday living and have lessened the need for physical activity on the part of our young people, with a consequent adverse effect on the health of our Nation; and

WHEREAS the Chairman of the President's Council on Youth Fitness, established in July, 1956, to stimulate existing programs and to initiate other measures tending to enhance the fitness of American youth, has recommended that the week beginning June 1, 1958, be designated as National Youth Fitness Week; and

WHEREAS the fitness of our young people can be promoted through the coordinated and consistent effort of all our citizens, both young and old:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the week beginning June 1, 1958, as National Youth Fitness Week.

I request officials of the Government, and I urge American parents, *** and civic groups, to use all appropriate means during that week to promote programs and activities which will better the mental, social, spiritual, and physical fitness of the youth of America to the end that we may insure the continuing strength and well-being of our Nation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States of America to be affixed.



DONE at the City of Washington this seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and eighty-second.

By the President

Dwight D. Eisenhower

W. J. Brennan
Secretary of State

Youth Fitness Is National Fitness!

THE PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL ON YOUTH FITNESS

• Washington 25, D. C.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1958 O-582-701

BY PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT

A FIT WEEK FOR A SECOND LOOK

June 1 to 7 has been set aside to consider fitness. A new

Sports Illustrated survey again shows that despite publicity and some progress, leadership is still lacking

by DOROTHY STULL

THE POSTER at the left, announcing National Youth Fitness Week, will appear next week in every community across the nation. There is a week for practically everything in the American way of life, including doughnuts, but Youth Fitness Week has a special meaning to all Americans. For one thing, it reflects the personal concern felt by President Eisenhower about a vital national problem. The naming of this week is his fourth official act in behalf of fitness since he called a White House lunch three years ago to discuss the implications of the shocking report that American children physically lagged far behind their European contemporaries. The lunch was followed a year later by the first national conference on fitness at Annapolis and the resulting Executive Order creating the President's Council on Fitness and the President's Citizens Advisory Committee on Fitness.

Now, as the first official National Fitness Week is about to begin, it is appropriate to examine our successes and failures in solving the fitness problem during the period since the last SPORTS ILLUSTRATED progress report in August 1957. To find out how we stand today, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sent a questionnaire to each member of the President's Citizens Advisory Committee, called for reports from its correspondents across the country, consulted surveys by

professional organizations and interviewed representatives of the President's fitness groups, physical educators, recreationists, physicians, physiologists, teachers, parents and school children. The results, which provide more material for serious reflection than for congratulation, are presented herewith:

ITEM 1 The President's Council on Youth Fitness can justly claim that its drumbeating has inspired at least some of the national progress noted in this report, but it has provided disappointingly little specific guidance and less leadership toward direct action.

There is no doubt that exposure to earnest speeches by Dr. Shane MacCarthy, executive director of the President's Council on Youth Fitness, has inspired many citizens to go beyond the thinking stage. C. Carson Conrad, coordinator of the vast and fast-growing fitness program in the state of California, acknowledges such inspiration from the council. "Those of us on the state level," he said, "are seeing many things happening because of the assist the President's Council is making at the national level."

But the "assist" continues to be primarily one of vaguely worded publicity and promotion releases for the fitness cause. The report to the President on the West Point fitness con-

ference of last September, for example, appeared four months after the conference with a specific announcement by the council pointing to three pages of suggestions for "implementation." On close inspection the suggestions turned out to be no more than vague proposals: "schedule conferences to formulate plans . . . conduct surveys and develop programs . . . educate parents."

Another council release, the *Plan for Action*, was no improvement. It carried helpful hints such as: "Increased emphasis should be placed on physical activity for boys and girls," and, "The number of sport activities should be increased, where necessary." In the *Plan for Action* it is stated that "the Council will serve as a clearing house of information from . . . localities about their programs to improve fitness," but no localities or programs are listed or referred to.

A later release, *Physical Evaluation at the Elementary School Age Level*, is the result of a meeting of experts in physical education tests and measurements. The text makes it clear that the council does not endorse any one test over any other and that it recommends scoring a child against his own performance rather than against the performance of others. But it is virtually impossible to discover whether the council is in favor of any child being tested under any circumstances, although there is no direct admonition not to use tests, either. One can only conclude that either the council has no advice to give or is wary of doing so for fear of offending some group. Another example of the council's reluctance to step on any toes is its abandonment

continued

of a proposal to choose pilot cities for fitness experiments. According to a council spokesman, the idea was discarded because of possible jealousy among cities not chosen for the honor and a disinclination on the part of the council to establish controversial standards.

Indeed the council seemed to lose a considerable amount of its drive last December when Vice-President Nixon quietly relinquished his chairmanship because of the press of other affairs and turned his council duties over to Secretary of the Interior Fred Senton. The choice had some logical grounds—Senton's department is in charge of National Parks and Mission 66, the long-range program to improve them for the nation's recreation. But from the start Secretary Senton has had an attitude toward his new responsibility that was at times downright playful. In an interview about his new job, Senton maintained that, "In this country you can't make anybody be physically fit." He suggested bird watching as a painless way to fitness, and remarked that the ordinary spectator can get a lot of exercise at a football game simply by having to walk from his car to the stadium and then climb stairs to get to his seat.

ITEM 2 At the state level California continues to lead the nation in imaginative action. A number of other states—notably New York, which has developed a new fitness test—have stepped up their programs.

Among the 48 states California is unique not only for having advanced to the action stage sooner than any other, but also for its multi-pronged, hard-hitting approach and masterful coordination. The California Interscholastic Federation, for instance, is not afraid to tackle the thorny question of how school athletics can contribute to youth fitness. A committee on evaluating physical education programs dares to put these blunt questions to instructors of grades 7 to 9: "Is the number and length of weekly physical education periods equal to those in other major subject fields?" "Does your program make a daily contribution to the development and maintenance of physical fitness?"

Outside the schools, too, Californians have taken imaginative action. The 79 county fairs in the state, for

instance, will all include the fitness theme, and the San Diego County Fair will have 72 new events relating to fitness.

California's new fitness test is so sound that the AAFPER (American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation) (see Item 4) for its national test battery included six items from the California test, plus one additional item. The great value of testing in California is that it is one of the few places where comparable testing was done some 25 years ago, so that significant comparisons can be made today. So far, according to Dr. Anna Espenschied, researcher in physical education and chairman of the California Test Committee, results show that "children today cannot throw, jump or run as well as they could 25 years ago." Before the statewide testing project is completed, more than a million boys and girls in grades five through 12 will have participated.

New York also has developed a new test, which shares two items in common with the California test and the national AAFPER test: the pull-up and 50-yard dash. The New York test, since it was developed by the state education department, will have the added advantage of being used uniformly throughout the state, thus permitting accumulation of meaningful new data.

A contribution well worthy of emulation in other states was made by a group of New York State high schools in cooperation with the Southeastern Zone of the New York State Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation. In an impressive ceremony at West Point, one boy and girl from each of 36 high schools in the southeastern part of the state recently received medals honoring their selection by their physical education teachers as the most physically fit in the senior class. The moving spirit behind these awards is a 3-foot 1-inch fireball named Mrs. Teddy Donoghue, chairman of the New York State AAFPER Fitness Council. The help she gets for her project from the U.S. Military Academy is part of the recent effort of West Point's physical education department to cooperate with schools in the pursuit of fitness.

Activities in other states also show imagination in devising new ways to encourage fitness. Colorado will attempt to obtain a paid coordinator to oversee all state fitness projects,

to establish minimum physical education requirements, to pass legislation to establish state and community recreation programs, to set up community clinics to educate residents and develop program leaders, to investigate the feasibility of programs for one- or two-block areas (play streets, community-owned pools, teams made up of kids living in the block); and will urge city planning boards to allocate play space in new or redesigned areas and see that schools are designed so that their recreational facilities can be used by the community as well as the schoolchildren.

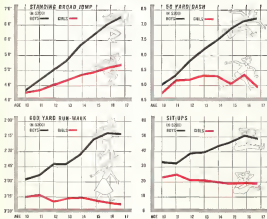
Utah is conducting statewide demonstrations at fitness festivals, and in Delaware the public school system is working together with the state AAFPER in planning a statewide questionnaire survey of all schools to determine the extent of physical fitness programs, spot shortcomings and arrive at specific recommendations for improvement. In the fall every public school pupil in Delaware will be given a fitness test. And in New England governors of several states plan to gather to consider a joint attack on unfitness.

ITEM 3 A few communities are doing an excellent job and, generally, cities and towns such as Flint, Mich. that were doing well last year still are. Too many communities, however, have been content to let state or private organizations assume the burden.

As an example of how effectively a community can work for fitness, Flint deserves special mention. With the help of the Mott Foundation, it operates an ice skating rink attended by 450 people a day, regularly conducts family bicycle "bikes," runs school playgrounds in the summer for ages 5 to 10 which are used by 7,000 kids, sponsors 35 regular square dance clubs and other supervised activities for teen-age clubs, men's clubs and women's clubs. Its experimental program in gymnastics involves 20 schools and well over 1,000 children of elementary and junior high school age and culminates in a Junior Olympics every year (SI, Aug. 26, 1957).

Davenport, Iowa has installed chinning bars in every elementary school gym, and Tucson, Ariz. makes parallel bars, mats and trampolines available to eight junior high schools on a rotating basis. On a recent Saturday in San Antonio, Texas military and civilian groups cooperated

HOW CHILDREN SCORED IN AAHPER TEST



AVERAGE SCORES in four of seven test items show varying performance of 5,200 boys and girls in 10 to 17 age group. Vertical line in broad jump chart represents distance, in dash and run-walk time in seconds, and in sit-ups the number completed.

in a mass fitness testing program of some 3,000 youngsters. The tests contained some of the same items as the national AAHPER test battery—among them the baseball throw, sit-ups and running. The President's Council is considering promoting such daylong tests nationally.

The Chicago Park District, under its energetic new director Vera Hernlund, has embarked on a promising line of action in which parks and school gymnasiums do double duty for the fitness cause. In cooperation with the Board of Education and the Housing Authority, the Park District is arranging to build a park next to every new high school built. Under this arrangement the high school kids can use the park in the daytime for outdoor gym work, and at night youngsters in the park can use the high school gym, swimming pool and locker rooms. Two high schools, Kelly and South Shore, already have such school-park areas. With the co-operation of the Housing Authority the same system has been worked out for housing projects.

Washington, D.C. held a Commissioners' Conference on Youth Fitness which recommended daily physical

education classes in the schools. Recreation programs for the summer will stress fitness. Some 4,000 boys in the 9-to-14 bracket of the Walter Johnson Baseball League will start off their season after several days of "spring training" calisthenics.

Sacramento tested 2,714 boys and 2,539 girls using a 30-year-old AAU test which included sit-ups, standing broad jump, soccer dribble, vertical jump and other items. Contrary to the implications of the national AAHPER, the California and the Kraus-Weber tests that the physical performance of American children is poor, the Sacramento test results showed that, using the norm of 30 years ago, the children scored higher in every item except the vertical jump for girls.

The town of Wakefield, Mass. sends a report card in physical education home with every pupil, reflecting a new trend toward use of fitness score cards. In Troy, N.Y. pupils who took the new New York State test (see item 2) were issued wallet-sized cards indicating their score.

In Dallas every elementary student now has a 30-minute daily physical education program which includes

organized fitness training as well as sports and games. All 93 of the Dallas schools additionally make their physical education facilities available for two hours after school Monday through Friday, and during January and February from 9 till noon on Saturdays.

Cities reporting progress as of last August—Philadelphia, Detroit and Omaha—are still doing well by fitness. Philadelphia's recreation department remains superior, and its new playgrounds are fascinating to children, a radical departure from the usual forbidding asphalt slabs.

Omaha tested 4,231 seventh- and eighth-grade students in the public schools last fall and again this spring, using a modified version of the Oregon motor fitness test. In the fall 74.5% passed. When the same group was retested in the spring 90.5% passed—apparently as a result of cutting the interschool softball program and emphasizing track and field events and intramural programs.

ITEM 4 Some professional health and physical education groups have progressed from unproductive debate to constructive action. One in particular, the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, made history with the first national fitness testing program.

For the first time in America a test of physical performance is being given under uniform conditions to a scientifically selected cross section of the total U.S. school population from the ages of 10 to 17. Already well under way (5,200 children of a planned 8,000 have been tested so far), this is a project of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, the organization which until a few months ago seemed permanently immobilized in aimless argument over the proper definition of fitness (SI, Aug. 5). Findings to date, according to Dr. Paul A. Hunsicker, director of the testing project, and professor of physical education at the University of Michigan, support the thesis that the physical performance of American children leaves much to be desired. Other conclusions of the test so far, says Dr. Hunsicker, are that the girls, on the average, do not improve their performance with age, while the boys generally do (see graphs above). But the range of the scores from poorest to best (not the averages as shown in the

continued



ONE GIRL PERFORMS WHILE THREE ASSIST IN MODIFIED PULL-UP TEST IN OMAHA

FITNESS continued

charts) shows that there are some girls who score well above boys. This would mean, Dr. Hunsicker believes, that the differences in averages between the boys and girls are due to cultural concepts rather than any differences in ability between the sexes. The performance of girls does not improve with age because the majority of women physical educators are encased in the concept of female fragility, and consequently most programs for girls are very weak.

Each of the 150 schools in the 28 states where children were tested were asked to fill out a questionnaire. The replies reveal some significant and disturbing facts: while almost all of the schools require a medical exam for youngsters participating in interscholastic athletics, only 40% give medicals to every child in school; only 1% of the schools had pools and a swimming program; roughly 38% of the schools did not require sneakers or gym clothes for physical education; only 75% of the schools had any kind of physical education requirement, ranging from one year to the entire time in school and from one day a week to five; of the schools that did have a program, only 75% had a special teacher for physical education classes; there was little difference in the physical performance

of city, suburban and rural children.

The test battery included six items from the California test—pull-ups for boys, modified pull-ups for girls (again the soft program for girls), sit-ups, shuttle run, standing broad jump, the 50-yard dash and a softball throw for distance—plus one other, a 600-yard run-or-walk. The toughest item on the boys' program was the pull-up. More shocking than the low average score on the pull-up was the fact that people administering the test had a hard time even finding a bar to use for pull-ups in many of the gyms, because all such equipment had been discarded in an anti-apparatus wave that has swept over many physical education programs in the recent past.

The new national test was developed by the AAHPER Research Council, which is headed by Dr. Hunsicker. The test has been criticized for not including a specific flexibility item, such as, for instance, touching toes. Dr. Hunsicker agrees that the test is undoubtedly imperfect but says bluntly: "We've been bung on a hook too long, fighting over items. We've worried about a seedling while the forest is on fire."

To direct the testing, energetic Dr. Hunsicker has traveled some 35,000 miles while on leave from the University of Michigan. The data are still being analyzed in Dr. Hunsicker's

office, but he expects to complete his analysis in time for fall publication by the AAHPER of a manual for schools which will describe the tests and give national achievement standards. "Physical education will only do the job," says Dr. Hunsicker, "when it is based on scientific fact."

The AAHPER also has plans to draw up a blueprint of research needed in health, physical education and recreation, with recommendations as to which projects should receive priority. It has also started publishing a series of fitness pamphlets: a bibliography of fitness references and a bibliography of publications about facilities and supplies.

ITEM 5 Business and industry have discovered that fitness is good business and are launching elaborate campaigns to make both parents and children among their customers fitness-conscious.

General Mills, already famous for its use of sports and sports personalities in its merchandising, has created the most ambitious national program to date: the Wheaties Sports Federation.

Its plan, in general, is to encourage participation in sports, exercise and active recreation by sponsoring a system of incentive awards and mass fitness testing at the local level. This program of enlightened self-interest will be accomplished with the help of the 3,500 local chapters of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce (see Item 7). Starting next month, each box of Wheaties sold will display the fitness test and slide rule for measuring fitness standards in cutout form. Wheaties is also sponsoring coaches' All-America teams in 14 sports, Hole-In-One awards for golf, and 300 Game awards in bowling. Recognition will also be given for outstanding leadership in promoting fitness at the local level. Olympic Pole Vault Champion Bob Richards has been named the federation's director, and in this capacity has already been on the road for three months making almost daily speeches.

Insurance companies are also laying plans to operate in the fitness field. Mutual of Omaha is considering enclosing information about the fitness campaign when it mails out notices to its 5 million policyholders. Other companies plan to contribute their physical facilities for

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"Crimson 17"—17" diagonal measurement—155 sq. inches of picture area.

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Never before now—sets designed like this! Trim, slim and graceful, the cabinets look less than handspan deep. The "Designers" *belong beautifully in any room.*

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"Barclay 21" above—21" diagonal measurement—292 sq. in. inches of picture area.



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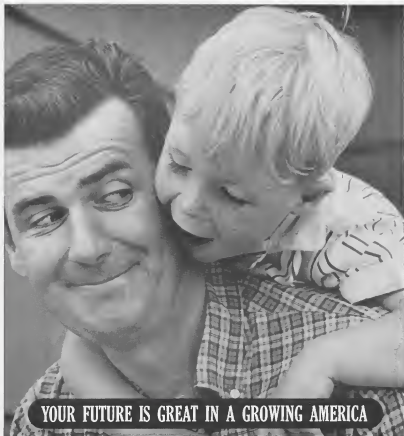
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- 1. More people . . .** Four million babies yearly. U.S. population has doubled in the last 50 years! And our prosperity curve has always followed our population curve.
- 2. More jobs . . .** Though employment in some areas has fallen off, there are 15 million more jobs than in 1939—and there will be 22 million more in 1975 than today.
- 3. More income . . .** Family income after taxes is at an all-time high of \$5300—is expected to pass \$7000 by 1975.
- 4. More production . . .** U.S. production doubles every 20 years. We will require millions more people to make, sell and distribute our products.
- 5. More savings . . .** Individual savings are at highest level ever —\$300 billion—a record amount available for spending.

6. More research . . . \$10 billion spent each year will pay off in more jobs, better living, whole new industries.

7. More needs . . . We need \$500 billion worth of schools, highways, homes, durable equipment. Meeting these needs will create new opportunities for everyone.

Despite the present business dip, the basic reasons for America's growth are stronger and more sure than ever before. Add them up and you have the makings of another big upswing. Wise planners, builders and buyers will act now to get ready for it.

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(This space contributed as a public service by this magazine.)

sports and recreation use by the community. In California, 15 corporations, most of them oil companies, have banded together to form the California Sports Foundation. Its primary purpose is to finance a network of clinics and demonstrations throughout the state, a program which promises a speedy and decisive boost for fitness in an already very active state (see Item 2).

ITEM 6 The medical profession, through individual doctors and the American Medical Association, is increasingly recognizing physical activity as good preventive medicine and is offering concrete ideas for enhancing fitness.

Voices of individual physicians are swelling the chorus in favor of exercise as good medicine, a view long held by such outstanding medical authorities as Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's heart specialist. At a recent conference on growth and aging, Dr. Kaare Rodahl, director of clinical research of the Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia, reported that "in this country, people just don't use their feet." He recommended "hiking, running, jumping, tennis and walking to school" for children, "golf, skiing and swimming" for adults. Dr. Wilhelm Raab of the University of Vermont College of Medicine urged in the *Mass Medical Association Journal* that "very much more emphasis be placed on rigidly disciplined physical training (in the schools)." Dr. Herbert Pollack of New York City and his associates reported that the difference between staying slim and gaining weight could hinge on walking instead of driving, standing up instead of sitting down. Dr. Robert H. Barnes of the University of Washington School of Medicine echoed the same idea: "Modern civilization makes it difficult for the overweight patient to do regular exercising such as walking." Dr. William B. Walsh, a Washington, D.C. physician serving on the President's Citizens Advisory Committee on Fitness, observed that today's schools are being built without stairs for the benefit of the aging teacher and that "meanwhile Junior, who ought to be climbing stairs, isn't getting this highly necessary exercise."

The American Medical Association, which in the past year has expressed itself on the medical aspects of fitness

more forcefully than ever before, published an editorial in its *Journal* which stated: "Medicine does not discourage activity, sports, competition or even a reasonable risk of injury. Medicine recognizes that a fractured ankle may leave less of a scar than a personality frustrated by reasons of parental timidity over participation in contact sports. . . . All life is a risk and without courage life is not worth living."

In April the AMA through its *Journal* issued a joint statement with the AAHPER on exercise and fitness, which said in part: "Exercise is one of the important factors contributing to total fitness. Active games, sports,



AAHPER TEST HEAD, Paul Hunsicker, made history in first national test.

swimming, rhythmic activities, prescribed exercises . . . all can make distinctive as well as worthwhile general contributions to fitness."

The *Report of the Sixth National Conference on Physicians and Schools*, published and distributed by the AMA, is a frank and forceful document on the role medicine can play in cooperation with physical education. It makes many concrete recommendations, among which are the following: The physician and educator should jointly encourage physical development, physical education and sports competition activities. . . . Wherever possible, medical students, interns and fellows whose specialties concern children should be given the chance to function in a school health program. . . . Fitness can be dramatized in a community in a variety of ways ranging from fitness films to demonstrations at PTA meetings, county fairs and fitness sermons in church on a Fitness Sunday. One group at the conference passed a resolution demanding a well-planned and properly conducted physical edu-

cation program for children at each grade level throughout their school career.

ITEM 7 Civic organizations have begun to adopt physical fitness as a worthy cause and are playing a more active role. The Junior Chamber of Commerce, in particular, has launched a nationwide campaign at the local level.

Though it never thought of itself as such, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, through its annual national championships in golf, tennis and other sports, has been in the fitness business for years. Last year for the first time the Jaycees co-sponsored with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED a National



GENERAL MILLS HEAD, Charles Bell, created Wheaties Sports Federation.

Fitness Week, with prizes awarded at West Point by Vice-President Nixon to the Jaycee chapter which did the most for fitness during a seven-day period. This year the two sponsors will repeat the contest during the week of July 7-12.

In addition to these fitness activities each chapter this month will receive two new kits, "Testing Your Community's Youth" and "Facilities and Programming Guide," which signal the new national fitness campaign jointly undertaken by the Jaycees and the Wheaties Sports Federation (see Item 5). In each Jaycee community the fitness test developed by Wheaties will be given to boys and girls by members of the local Jaycee chapter. Each child who participates in the test will receive a certificate and a slide rule which shows standards for each test item according to age and sex.

The second kit, concerning facilities and programming, is full of the practical down-to-earth hints so urgently needed in communities: how to lay

continued

out a tennis court and a baseball diamond, game area dimensions, how many of what facilities are needed for what population figure, what kind of recreation is needed by the individual in relation to his job, how to plan for Little League.

ITEM 8 Dramatic visualization through mass media (i.e., magazines, newspapers, TV), has in the past year brought the cause of fitness right into the American home.

For 41 weeks, since last August, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has regularly published a progressive series of simple



DAVE GARROWAY made Bonnie Prudden a TV star on his NBC show.

exercises created by Bonnie Prudden. Since the start of this series, Miss Prudden's success has grown to the point where people bending and stretching in her name number in the hundreds of thousands. Her 25¢ fitness kit, containing a phonograph record with a few simple exercises and a before-and-after scoring chart for the Kraus-Weber test, has been requested by more than 150,000 converts to the fitness cause. When she asked kit owners to detach their family Kraus-Weber scores and send them to her, 48% of them (at last count) complied. The result was a rough national fitness poll that showed the average percent of failure as a family was 46.4%, a score about 20% better than that of the American children cited in the original Kraus-Prudden Report That Shocked the President (SI, Aug. 15, 1955). But it also showed an alarming decline in a certain group: among 6-year-olds there was 82% failure in the Kraus-Weber test today as against 54% five years ago. Miss Prudden attributes most of this physical deterioration

to excessive television watching.

Nevertheless, television is entitled to considerable credit for Bonnie's mushrooming success in the past year. Every Thursday for the past 40 weeks her effortlessly performed exercises have been seen on Dave Garroway's TV show *Today*. Arthur Godfrey has followed suit on his radio and television shows for the past 18 weeks, and he has often urged his listeners to send for Bonnie's fitness kit. Godfrey's office reports that during the first two weeks of his exercising his fan mail increased 10% and the rating of his show rose.

Finally, Bonnie also appeared in a series of six fitness television shows



ARTHUR GODFREY did Prudden exercises with his audience on CBS show.

which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** produced on WBKB in Chicago.

Bonnie's future plans are to conduct a fitness workshop from June 23 to July 3, at Springfield College where she will receive an honorary master's degree next month. She will train both professional fitness teachers and classroom teachers at the elementary, high school and college levels.

ITEM 9 Sputnik has had an ironic but probably salutary effect on the cause of fitness. When the U.S.S.R. went into orbit last October, there was an immediate popular outcry in the U.S. demanding thorough re-examination of the nation's educational policies. Physical educators found themselves forced to re-examine and justify their own curriculum.

Since sputnik, there have been attacks on physical education and athletics as a waste of time and money that could be better spent on science. For example, Colorado State Senator James W. Mowbray recently charged that instead of spending money for classroom construction, college and university heads were spending mil-

lions "on such projects as gymnasiums, field houses, football fields . . . and frills." A recent Gallup poll asked principals in 1,100 high schools whether they thought too much attention was given to athletics today in American high schools. Sixty-one percent answered yes. John Keats, in his recent book *Schools Without Scholars*, protests against money being spent on school swimming pools and interscholastic football teams.

The irony of such extreme views was pointed out by Dr. Charles A. Bucher, New York University education professor, in a recent speech before a New York State Fitness Conference. He noted these attacks on physical education and reminded his listeners that it scarcely helps the over-all cause to promote science in the schools at the expense of a subject to which the Soviets give more time than we do.

At the annual meeting of the AAHPER, physical educators from many parts of the country told of being challenged to defend their departments and jobs. Dr. Harold Alterowitz, chairman of the department of health and physical education at Eastern Montana College, spoke for many when he said, "I spent three very unpleasant months trying to keep our curriculum committee from dropping physical education. I warn you all to be ready to do the same thing."

CONCLUSIONS

There is heartening evidence that progress is being made toward fitness. Business is making its contribution, the doctors are bringing the medical benefits of fitness to the public's attention, professional organizations are providing national standards, civic organizations are making tests and conducting sports programs and individual cities and states are beginning to stir themselves.

As noted in Item I of this survey, the council has released a pamphlet entitled *Plan for Action*, but in the light of dictionary definitions these words, used so freely in this and other council statements, would seem to have lost their meaning in the council's usage. Unless the council does provide, and soon, a plan for action in the accepted sense of the word, it will have lost the chance to exploit the enthusiasm it has inspired. The loss would be a tragic one, for the problem of fitness is as urgent as ever—as both public desire and private initiative have demonstrated in the past year.

THE COMMITTEE ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS

NEXT to the President's Council, the people most immediately concerned with the continuing fitness problem were the 119 members of the President's Citizens Advisory Committee—a committee chosen from the fields of business, physical education, recreation, child care and journalism. To get their views, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* mailed a questionnaire to each of the committee's members asking for their opinion on the progress of fitness. Forty-seven replied from 17 states, the District of Columbia and Hawaii.

Some of the questions invited simple answers. Members were asked, for example, to classify the influence the President's Council and the committee had exerted for fitness. Nine said it had been extensive, 21 moderate, nine slight, but no one said, "none." Twenty-seven said this influence had led to formation of local committees, and 18 credited it with instigating community fitness projects. Nineteen felt that council and committee influence were responsible for improving physical education in their local schools.

Three questions evoked detailed replies. These questions, with a balanced sampling of comment, follow.

The question:

AS A MEMBER OF THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE, HAVE YOU BEEN APPROACHED BY ANY PERSON OR GROUP IN BEHALF OF FITNESS?

The answers:

- If I wanted to go out and talk on this, I could be away just about every night.
- The approach was directed to me personally, not as a committee member.
- Approached 68 times: results satisfactory, I trust.
- I have been approached scores of times. The interest in the topic is real.

The question:

HAS ANY LOCAL PROGRESS TAKEN PLACE WITHIN THE LAST SIX MONTHS?

The answers:

- Our high school has hired a full-time physical education staff member instead of having an athletic coach devote only part time to physical education.
- Until the recent upheaval with the launching of sputnik, I believe there was some real progress. Now I'm not so sure.
- I see more children walking to schools. This is encouraging but not enough.
- Physical education has been added to the program in several elementary schools.
- In our program for boys we have incorporated a special body-building course for the "contentedly unfit."
- Progress has been largely in the renewed enthusiasm of professional groups in the field.

The question:

WHAT SUGGESTIONS DO YOU HAVE FOR IMPROVING FITNESS EITHER THROUGH THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE OR ON THE LOCAL LEVEL?

The answers:

- Parents should be more involved.
- There exists little grass-roots support.

- The most difficult problem is to get all of this out of the committee stage and into concrete action. Fitness is hard to sell, just as are polo shots, brotherhood and disarmament. To translate a council and local committees into action, that's the trick. People don't worry about their hearts until they have an attack.

- Continue to support the council and the committee and commend the good work Shane MacCarthy is doing.

- We need more hiking and cycling paths, camping opportunities.

- The only way a fitness program will ever work is if it is put through the schools and subsidized by the Federal Government.

- Even if it is necessary to add an extra hour to the school day, each boy and girl should be made conscious of the necessity of fitness and should be marked in physical education on report cards just as for reading, writing and arithmetic.

- We need more specific aids, such as, "How to Organize a Community Fitness Project," "Suggested Activities for a Local Fitness Council," etc.

- People need a program and leadership. It is useless to ask for more facilities when existing ones are not being used through lack of leadership.

- The committee should determine what programs have value, what tests to use, ways of using present facilities and make this material available to all.

- The movement should be protected against exploitation by unqualified persons seeking to ride to profit on the coattails of the President's Council.

- The program should be transferred from the office of the President to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and its Secretary made chairman of the President's Council.

- Create a private foundation with private endowment and direction.

- The big problem is motivation. The answer is physical education in all the elementary schools for all the children.

- The program of awakening the public's interest has been successful; now telling blows must be struck at the local and area levels.

- Less dramatics, window dressing and emotions, more emphasis on fundamentals of research, health, nutrition and assistance to already organized programs.

- There is no definitive program for the Advisory Committee. If we had something we could take to a community and say, "We suggest you follow this program," better results could be obtained than just stimulating interest through conversation.

- Abandon the program or give it a direct powerful leader and plan. It has died with bureaucratic double talk and lack of action.

- The committee is severely handicapped because of no funds for use of advertising media.

- The committee should take a firm stand and exert leadership rather than follow the old school approach of total fitness.

Baltimore Orioles lead the league!

The No-Yankee League, that is. The Yankees are so far ahead that the American League race is over. But the other seven teams are in a scramble, with Baltimore on top

THE New York Yankees were 103,849 behind last season's attendance after their first 11 home games this year. The best team in baseball, playing in the largest city in the country, was a box-office flop. Crowds were so small in Yankee Stadium that visiting ballplayers asked, "Where is everybody?"

It was a good question. The Yankees would certainly like to know the answer to it.

Granted the weather has been abnormally bad (at one point the Yankees did not play a game for a week because of rain). And certainly for some people it's too much trouble and needless expense to make the journey to the Stadium when they can stay at home and see baseball on television. But neither one is reason enough to account for so many of those newly painted seats at Yankee Stadium remaining empty.

A better answer seems to be that Yankee baseball is having trouble competing with all the other forms of entertainment available in New York. By winning so consistently, the Yankees' show-business appeal has become nil. It's the same old act, year in and year out. People go to a ball park for the spectacle, the competition, the excitement of baseball. This year in Yankee Stadium the spectacle is missing (Mickey Mantle isn't hitting his show-stopping home runs), there is no competition (just look at the American League standings) and no real excitement (the Yankees always win). So, why go all the way to The Bronx when there's plenty going on in Times Square?

Even when there's a chance for some excitement, the Yankees fail to get into the spirit of things. Two weeks ago the Washington Senators, of all teams, rewrote their last-place

lines and came into Yankee Stadium a half game out of first place. But it was the familiar routine again. The Yankees slapped down the Senators three straight times.

Then last week the Baltimore Orioles, a far more legitimate challenger to the Yankees, came into New York riding high in third place. Here was a good team, a solid team. The Orioles played their special close-to-the-vest brand of baseball (good pitching, tight defense) and held the Yanks to

It's a shame, too, because the rest of the teams behind the Yankees are putting on a wonderful battle royal. Without the New York Yankees, the league would be locked in a tremendously exciting struggle for the pennant (see box).

Out in front of the No-Yankee League are the Orioles. It may jar some people to realize that Baltimore is that good a team. It just doesn't sound right. But the progress of the Orioles in the few years they have been in the league has been so steady that no one thinks of them any more as the descendants of the hapless St. Louis Browns. Indeed, they have improved so much that a comparison to the famous team that originally bore the name "Baltimore Orioles" is more apt. The new Orioles are not the rough, tough swaggering crew of great ballplayers the old Orioles were but, like the old Orioles, they are smart, alert, driving, opportunistic.

"This is exciting baseball this club plays," says veteran center fielder Jim Busby. "We're always in a game. The fans like it a lot. Every game is close, and they can't help but get a kick out of it."

"Every time we play the White Sox these last few years it seems one of us wins by one run," says Coach Al Vincent. "In fact, you could say that about most of the games we play."

The fans in Baltimore do love the close games (Memorial Stadium is attracting more people than Yankee Stadium this year). At times the Baltimore crowds rival the more famous Milwaukee rosters in enthusiasm and loud cheering.

And no wonder. In 10 of the 14 games played at home this season, the Orioles held the opposition to two runs or less. Baltimore took nine of those 10 games, and usually scored barely enough runs to win. In only one of the four games that they lost at home were they completely out of the game.

Last year Baltimore's fielding was second in the league and the pitching staff had the third-best earned run

AMERICAN LEAGUE STANDINGS

As of May 15

TEAM	WON	LOST	PCT.	GAMES BEHIND
BALTIMORE	11	7	.611	—
WASHINGTON	11	9	.579	½
KANSAS CITY	10	11	.542	1
BOSTON	10	12	.520	1½
CLEVELAND	10	16	.484	3½
DETROIT	10	16	.430	4
CHICAGO	11	18	.407	4½

NOTE: Somehow or other, all games played by the New York Yankees were left out of these standings. New York's 18-3 record includes six wins (one defeat) against Baltimore, four wins (one defeat) against Boston, and seven wins (two defeats) against Washington.

four runs in the two-game series. But the Yankees played that way too, only better, and the Orioles didn't score any runs at all.

The Yankees simply stuffed them, just as they are smothering the American League. Possibly someone will make a run at them later on. But right now, despite a stalled batting attack, the Yankees are so much better than anyone else that the 1958 American League pennant race is just about over.



OUTFIELDER Al Pilarcik developed in Baltimore when traded from the Athletics.



INFIELDER Brooks Robinson became first dividend of Orioles' young farm system.

average. "We are improved again this year," says Manager Paul Richards. "I'd have to say we are just a little bit closer to the kind of team I want. A team that can force the other guy to make a mistake.

"Our pressing job from the beginning at Baltimore has been to prepare the ball club for the moment when a really great player would come along to stick in the middle of the lineup. It's our responsibility right now to supply the supporting cast. That means a formidable defense and good pitching, alertness and know-how on the part of the entire club. We have finally come to the point where we are respectable, with a chance to win any given game we play. Within a year or two, I think our club will be at the point where the big guy, whoever he is, can set us off."

One of the reasons this has been a happy season for Baltimore fans is 21-year-old third baseman Brooks Robinson, who may develop into the big player Richards has been readying his team for. Lean and loose with quick reflexes, Robinson has been hitting well this spring. But he generates even more excitement in the field, as he crouches, waiting for the batter to hit. It almost seems as if he is daring the batter to hit the ball to him.

"He's great, one of the best I've seen," says Cleveland Manager Bob-by Bragan. Others have said the same thing after watching Robinson jack-knife to his left for an impossible grounder and then throw a man out at the plate while sprawled on the ground (he did it against the Yankees), or chase a pop foul down the

left-field line and reach it with one hand while tumbling to the ground to save a ball game (he did it against the White Sox).

Robinson and outfielder Lennie Green are the first real dividends from Baltimore's ripening farm system. They give Oriole fans an intriguing glimpse of the future. But more typical of the team today is right fielder Al Pilarcik. An unknown quantity when Richards picked him up from Kansas City two years ago, Pilarcik is still an obscure name to most fans. But under Richards he has developed into a highly skilled ballplayer.

"Pilarcik is the key man in our outfield," says Richards, who uses all sorts of outfield combinations, depending upon the game situation. "He can field, run, throw, hit, run the bases. And he's young enough to be counted in our future program. He has the potential to be a big star."

As with Pilarcik, Richards spotted something in other players that no one else did. Billy Gardner, now one of the best second basemen in the league and the most valuable Oriole in 1957, was just a reserve infielder with the Giants, trying to hang onto a job. Gus Triandos couldn't make it with the Yankees, but he became a top-flight catcher for the Orioles.

First baseman Bob Boyd, a refugee from the White Sox, had the fourth-best batting average in the league last year. This season Richards salvaged Jim Marshall, an eight-year minor league veteran, from the White Sox chain and gave him a chance to play regularly. Marshall, a power hitter

continued



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ORIOLES continued

who can also run and field, has responded so well that Boyd is now sitting on the bench.

Good pitching, the cornerstone of the team Richards is building for the future, is abundant in Baltimore. Here, as elsewhere on the team, are players no one else wanted. Billy Loes was washed up at Brooklyn; at Baltimore he made the All-Star team. Connie Johnson, the big right-hander who couldn't find himself at Chicago, developed into one of the finest pitchers in the league. George Zuverink, a Tiger discard, is now a fine relief pitcher. So is Ken Lehman, another ex-Dodger. This year Jack Harshman, traded off by the White Sox, won his first five games and became an early-season surprise. Arnold Portocarrero, newly arrived from Kansas City, won twice in one week.

But perhaps more satisfying are the impressive youngsters who have bolstered the staff this year. Left-hander Billy O'Dell, the Orioles' first bonus baby, back in 1954, returned last season from two years in the Army to continue his education under Richards and Pitching Coach Harry Brecheen. Now he is the workhorse of the staff.

Nineteen-year-old Milt Pappas signed on late last season. This year, after only 11 innings of minor league experience, he's a starter. A brash, confident right-hander who throws a fast ball that jumps all over the plate when it comes in on a batter, Pappas is considered one of the top prospects in the organization. "If he ever learns to throw a curve," says Richards, "he'll be a great pitcher. He's going to be around here a long time."

From this assortment of raw youth and well-traveled veterans, Richards has pieced together the Orioles. Like Casey Stengel, he wanted players who could "execute," who could do things, who could take immediate advantage of an opportunity.

For example, on opening day against the Senators, in a close 2-1 game, the Orioles had Pilarek on third base and Marshall on first. Marshall broke for second on the pitch to the batter. Pilarek stood with deceptive nonchalance off third until the Washington catcher threw to second. Then he sprinted for the plate. Although the shortstop cut off the catcher's throw and fired the ball back to the plate, it was too late and Pilarek had scored. It was a rare and

exciting play, but there was no accident about it. Richards had his team practice it for a week in spring training in Arizona.

This, then, was the team that came into Yankee Stadium last week, winners of six of their last seven games, a good team eager to challenge the Yankees, a lively team that played the sharp, dramatic baseball needed to stimulate the Yankees' slumping attendance.

OH, THOSE YANKEES

The Oriole pitching was good and the Oriole defense perfect in the first game. But Don Larsen was on the mound for the Yankees, and no one scores against him, least of all the Orioles (in his first 23 innings this season, Larsen allowed not one run). True to their pattern of play, the Orioles were never very far out of the game, and they even had the tying run at the plate in the ninth inning. But they lost 3-0.

"They fight you all the way," said Casey Stengel admiringly. "They're always on your tail and always in a position to get a rally going. They're tough games to play with them, every one of them [five out of seven have been decided by one or two runs]. They just need some runs."

The next day Billy O'Dell set the first 10 Yankees down in order. Bob Turley matched him with shutout pitching. In the fourth inning Tony Kubek singled, went to second on a hit-and-run groundout and scored on Mickey Mantle's double. It was the only run O'Dell gave up. Otherwise the Oriole defense was sound and the pitching exceptional. But the Yankee defense made no mistakes at all, and Turley allowed no runs. The Orioles lost 1-0.

Paul Richards discussed the situation after the game: "If you play well enough, the other clubs will make a mistake eventually and give you the ball game. But the Yankees are a little reluctant to give the game away. They can wait, too. You might work hard to get one run, and then someone like Mantle comes up and, wham, there's your ball game. The only way to beat the Yankees is to get some muscle like Mantle, too."

Muscle or no muscle, Baltimore was last week the best team in the No-Yankee League. But in the American League, where it counts, New York stood alone. Looking at their attendance figures, one might even add, absolutely alone.

END



FRANK STRANAHAN, Toledo

Tip from the Top

Lining up on the target

TO GET my line on a shot, I approach the ball from behind. I place my left hand on the club first in order to strengthen the left side by this first impression. Moving into address position at the ball, my first aim is on a point some 15 feet or so to the left of where I want to hit the shot. Then I modify this position, working from left to right until I am aligned right on my target. I want to emphasize that a golfer must always work from left to right in lining himself up. In my own case, if I have moved too far to the right, past my line, rather than try to move back to the correct line—which would break up my left side—I start again and work afresh from left to right. If you're aiming slightly to the left of the target and hit the ball slightly to the right, at least you're swinging from the inside out, and this is the most powerful way to hit a controlled shot.

If there is any one particular tip I pass on to amateurs I am partnered with, it is this method of getting the line. It sets up the left side through the left arm—which is the fundament of the related action of the swing, the key to making more perfect and uniform swings.



Approach ball from behind



Aim slightly to left of target

A. Ranelli

NEXT WEEK: Art Smith on counting for rhythm

"PETE" NAKAMURA

International
Golf Champion
says...



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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A bid that boomerangs

AMONG the Europeans whom we delight in welcoming to our shores is Adam Meredith, a gentleman of Celtic extraction who has been representing Great Britain in international competition for several years.

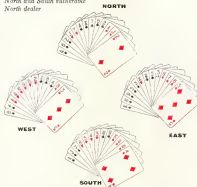
He played a star role in 1955 when the British team dislodged us from the world championship throne which we had occupied for five years.

On his first visit here Meredith was invited by the American Contract Bridge League to participate in our Life Master's Individual championship, an event in which one faces a new partner on every set of deals. It was my good fortune to draw Mr.

Meredith on a rather active set of boards. On one of them our visitor departed from his swashbuckling manner to bid a hand with utmost delicacy, enabling us to reach a grand slam contract in no trump. At the opening lead, as I made the gesture to claim all the tricks, a wall of disappointment was heard from our guest. "I was rather hoping it would require a double squeeze," he complained. If the hand were such a laydown our result would be equaled by most of the contestants. However, we harvested almost all the points on the deal, for many of the Life Masters, holding a solid seven-card suit, cautiously reached for the safety of the suit contract and failed to realize the extra 10 points which the no-trump contract yields. For the benefit of those not familiar with tournament

mechanics, it should be pointed out that in match point play, each deal represents a separate contest, and points are awarded on a basis of comparative performance on the same deals. To outscore your adversary by 1,000 points may be no more conclusive than beating him by a mere 10 points. In this respect it resembles match play at golf. If your adversary takes eight strokes on a hole which you negotiate in only two strokes, the net gain by you is just one hole. The result, of course, was very gratifying, but in the next deal, shown here, we were victimized by a play of outstanding brilliance.

North and South vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	2♠	2 NO TRUMP	3♥
3 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 8 of spades

Meredith sat East and considered the vulnerable situation ideal for muddying the waters. He therefore overcalled North's club bid with two spades. South bid two no trump. My bid of three hearts was perhaps doubtful strategy but I knew it was my last chance to get into the act, and the call might have the merit of directing the defense. North went on to three no trump and the bidding ended serenely.

I opened the 8 of spades which forced out declarer's jack. Declarer realized that he must develop the club suit for his contract but also recognized the danger of giving up an early club trick. From the bidding he concluded that West had a six-card suit and from his failure to lead it he drew the inference that it was not solid. It appeared a certainty that East held a singleton honor, undoubtedly the king or queen. If East wins the club trick and leads a high heart it will be apparent to West that he can safely overtake.

Declarer therefore hit upon a ruse for which I fell hook, line and sinker.

His first play was a low heart. I was beguiled into going up with the queen, catching my partner's singleton king (though it would have made no difference had I played low). Now declarer had time to give up a club to East and raked in 10 tricks.

Reporting this deal would afford me a great deal more pleasure had I gone up with the ace of hearts, but it will go down in the records that I failed to rise to the occasion.

EXTRA TRICK

The weak jump overall is a cranky petard. Carefully used, it can damage the enemy; but because it is a weak kind of bomb it may also tickle them into taking the action that will host the petardier. This bid should be labeled: "Explosive! Handle with care."

TV talent hunt finds some

A champion's kid brother,

a French lightweight and a

cool heavyweight appraised

THE COINCIDENCES of history, from which, it is said, salutary lessons may be drawn, have been reflected recently in the simultaneous decimation of baseball's minor leagues and the near extinction of boxing's small clubs, both of them victims of television competition. It is very hard to sell at one store what is given away more or less free in another.

As a result, in boxing anyway, there is fear that young talent must soon be as critically short supply. Something is being done about it. Not much, at present, but something. Chairman Julius Helfand of the New York boxing commission, crusading for more small clubs, has encouraged the opening of a few—most notably the Eastern Parkway Arena in Brooklyn. The International Boxing Club, pursuing at last a policy of enlightened self-interest, has opened two small clubs in Chicago, where for 99¢, less than the price of a movie, the fans have been seeing some live, well-matched action and taking their wives and girl friends to ringside. In Detroit an ardent fan named C. W. (Larry) Smith has for some time been an ardent promoter, with somewhat similar motivation. The fact that his engineering business grosses \$1 million a year makes the fact that his boxing promotions are financially unrewarding much easier to take.

All three operations have been successful in their major purpose, which is to give boxing a talent transfusion and, in the case of Larry Smith, to keep leading fighters active when television cannot use them.

Boxing's farm system is still a mere backyard garden plot, too small and too new to have produced much of national moment so far. Even so, some interesting new fighters have been growing in uncultivated soil. One is Jay Fullmer, welterweight

brother of the famous Gene but remarkably unrelated to him in boxing style. Whereas Gene mauled his way to the middleweight title, Jay has won 13 professional fights by boxing and sharp punching—a sufficient difference to make one wonder about heredity and environment.

Jay started at the top, in Madison Square Garden, by winning a four-rounder. He will be on national TV June 4 (a Wednesday night) from West Jordan, Utah, against the fast-fading Joe Miceli, most recently KO'd by Tombstone Smith. Fullmer should win his 14th fight.

A lean fellow, Jay's footwork is good, his punches fast and sneaky. He resembles Gene in one respect. When stung he forgets caution and flails away. No one knows if he can take a punch, but his mother knows he can give one.

Before a recent sparring session with Big Brother Gene, Mrs. Fullmer whispered: "Gene, take it easy on Jay." After all, at 21, Jay is more than five years younger than Gene. Mother Fullmer watched Jay jab and hook, both like nearby lightning, then issued new instructions. "Jay," she commanded, "now don't you go it too hard."

Two young lightweights, Irish Bobby Scanlon of San Francisco, and Bobby Rogers of Chicago, appear on a Wednesday night card in Chicago Stadium, May 28. Scanlon has beaten ex-champion Bud Smith, no great feat nowadays. Rogers, a Golden Gloves champion of 1955, has lost to unbeaten Carlos Ortiz, among others.

HEAVYWEIGHT PROSPECT

Another new face, a French import, is Lahouari Godih, matched for Friday night (May 23) at Madison Square Garden. His American debut was an impressive licking of Larry Baker. He may establish a reputation in the Garden fight against Johnny Bussio, who stopped Larry Boardman with a TKO last month.

The heavyweight division, its stock benched after Eddie Machen tried to beat Zora Folley by making faces at



JAY FULLMER, BROTHER OF EX-CHAMP

him, got a heartwarming lift last Wednesday night. TV cameras picked up the superior, though raw, talent of Sonny Liston, a cool type whose jab is easily the most punishing in the division, perhaps the best there is if you believe Sugar Ray Robinson has retired. The jabs are true shockers, and he threw 12 in the first round into the face of that gentle giant, Julio Mederos, before he ever bothered to cross a right. After two more jabs he caught Mederos with another right, almost drove him through the ropes and at the end of the round had him staggering. A bravely stubborn sort, Julio would not go down. In the second round he took more jabs, soon was bleeding profusely from nose and mouth.

Julio tried to swallow the blood, for purposes of concealment, but this slight-of-mouth availed him nothing. One of the jabs had jolted Julio's teeth, mouthpiece and all, through his lower lip, and the doctor stopped it between rounds, giving Liston a third-round TKO in the records, his 18th victory in 19 bouts and his tenth knockout.

Liston will be heard from during the year. He was up against nothing much in Mederos but, on the other hand, there is nothing much between him and a high rating among the heavyweights. Some day, maybe, he will look Floyd Patterson in the eye.

Liston's backers are reputed to include Blinky Palermo, who has been voted the man most likely to take the Fifth if New York's District Attorney Frank Hogan should get him before a grand jury.

END

Suggestion: down with love

James Van Alen, president of the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame at Newport and chairman of the time-honored Newport Invitation Tournament, here takes the witness stand and presents his radical ideas on streamlining tennis. Mr. Van Alen's career as a player dates back to his college days at Cambridge, England, where he captained the Oxford-Cambridge team which defeated the combined Yale-Harvard squad of 1924. Even today, at 55, he wields an aggressive and enthusiastic racket

Q. Mr. Van Alen, what quarrels do you have with the game as it is played today?

A. I have no quarrels with the game, but I do have two recommendations to make which would bring it up to date. First, I think the scoring system, which, by the way, is over 400 years old, is obsolete and should be changed. To the casual spectator, love, 15, 30, 40, deuce and 'vantage (D'V) and back to deuce again makes no sense at all. In tournament play the D'V factor is not only unfair to the players, but it also brings untold headaches to the tournament committee and sometimes robs the spectator of his money's worth.

For instance, in the Nationals, where all matches are the best three out of five sets, one player may conceivably play a series of three-hour matches on succeeding days, while another may play one-hour matches. Supposing the players to be of the same caliber, the marathon player will be at a great disadvantage, due to the long matches he has already played.

Q. You said the present system is a headache to the officials. How?

A. It can disrupt the entire timing of the tournament schedule. Suppose that three matches are scheduled in the Stadium court. Say, 1:30, 3:00 and 4:30. The first match starts promptly enough but becomes a D'V marathon. At 3:30 it is still going on, and hope of playing the 4:30 match on the Stadium court is dwindling with the light. The officials are faced with the decision of trying to squeeze in the 4:30 match in the hope that it and the 3:00 match will

be short ones or of putting it on an outside court. If they decide to take a chance on squeezing it in, the match will probably be stopped because of darkness and finished the next day. If they decide on an outside court, the gallery which paid to see three matches will only see two. Very often the third match is the most interesting of the three. The players in the third match, as well as the officials, are in a state of uncertainty, wondering when, where and if the match will be put on, and whether there'll be time to finish before the light falls.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN, the California comet, fathered his serve 50 years ago.

Q. What changes in the scoring system do you propose?

A. I recommend eliminating the D'V factor by adopting the table-tennis scoring system, in which only points and games are scored, the games corresponding to sets in tennis. However, where 21 points win the table tennis game, 31 points would win the lawn tennis set. This would mean a maximum of approximately 60 points, or roughly the equivalent of a lawn tennis set of nine games of seven points a game. I think such a set would be a fair test of skill and endurance. Players would alternate serving every five points and change court every 10. If the game should reach 30 points all, the first player to lead by two points would win.

At 30 points all, the players would spin for serve, alternate serving with each point and change court on the odd point, 31-30, 33-32, etc. This would balance the advantage of serve against the natural hazards of wind and sun. Service would be broken with the loss of one point instead of a full D'V game as at present.

Q. Wasn't the table-tennis scoring system tried and discarded in the 1956 pro tournament in Cleveland?

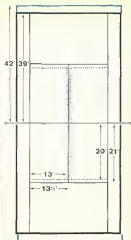
A. Yes, it was, but it never got a fair chance, for, along with the change in scoring, the second serve was eliminated in an effort to harness the power service. I think the players were so worried about the single service that the advantages of the table-tennis scoring system were lost in the shuffle. In fact, by using a 21-point set instead of the 31-point one I recommend, it might even be argued that the pros never troubled to think it out thoroughly.

Q. What other change do you consider necessary?

A. I believe that the serve in tennis should be de-emphasized. When the court dimensions were established back in the '70s, the serve was simply a method of putting the ball in play.



JAMES VAN ALEN, HALL OF FAME PRESIDENT, SPEAKS AT LAST YEAR'S CEREMONIES



VAN ALEN PROPOSES to harness the power serve by either of two devices: a) installing a special server's line (solid blue line) three feet behind regular base line or else b) creating a small service court (dotted blue lines within regular service court), thus reducing the width by six inches and the length by one foot.

It was not intended to become the offensive weapon it is today.

Q. How do you propose to put the serve back where it belongs?

A. One of two ways. By reducing the target area, or by lessening the sharpness of the angle of flight of the service. The length of the server's court could be cut down by moving the service line one foot nearer the net; the width by creating individual center lines a foot apart (see diagram). Or the sharpness of angle of the service could be flattened out by creating a server's line three feet back of the present base line.

Either proposition can do the trick. Both should be tested out.

The server's line would offer added advantages: the extra distance to the net would discourage the server from the present-day custom of automatically following his serve to the net; the saving in wear on the base lines of grass courts would be tremendous.

Q. Why are you against power serves?

A. Because it has destroyed the original concept of strategy and tactics

and has given the serve a greater value than it was intended to have.

Q. Where did the power serve come from and when?

A. When Maurice McLoughlin competed in from California with it in 1909. In his bag of shots he had the first American twist serve. He used a brand-new action and a revolutionary striking technique which gave a crouset overspin and a sideways kick to the ball. It gave a severity to the service and an advantage to a net-storming server that the architects of the game had never contemplated. Maurice struck the spark which players like Kramer, Gonzales and others have fanned to a flame. Each point has now become a case of big serve and a scramble for the net position—serve, weak return and volley—three shots and the point is over. Long rallies are today the exception to the rule, and services, because of their pulverizing power, are won with a monotonous regularity which stifles much of the variety and interest in the game for both the players and the spectators alike.

Q. If the power serve were harnessed, what would be the result?

A. Ground strokes would regain their rightful importance. Loss of service would become more frequent, and the net attack would again become a strategic maneuver as it was in the days of the Dohertys, Bill Larned and Bill Tilden. Even Big Bill's famous cannon ball never had the speed and accuracy of today's big serves. Mostly, he had to work his way into the net in the classic style.

Q. How would you sum up your proposition?

A. The two shortcomings of tennis which I have described can easily be remedied. The D'V factor and the power serve handicap the popularity of the game from both the player and spectator points of view. Other games have modified their rules to fit changing conditions. Why not tennis? Cut out the D'V scoring factor and soften the power serve and you will have streamlined the game and opened up the way to a new and far greater national popularity than it has ever known before.

END



ASOA CHAMPION SYDNEY WRAGGE

SPORTING LOOK / *Jo Ahern Zill*

New clothes for an elegant race's revival

Newport's great traditions keynote summer

clothes by the 1957 winner of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S**

American Sportswear Design Award

THE AMERICA'S CUP, the year's most elegant sporting event, is the direct inspiration for Sydney Wragge's collection of summer clothes shown on these pages. Wragge, easily the most enthusiastic yachtsman on Seventh Avenue and last year's winner of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S** American Sportswear Design Award for continuously contributing to the Sporting Look, has designed clothes for events as splendid as those in the days when social life flourished on such yachts as T.O.M. Sopwith's 1,600-ton *Phaëde* and Vincent Astor's *Norwegian*. Yachts no longer come like that, but they more than make

up for it in numbers. Both afloat and at such places as Bailey's Beach, Newport's "cottages" and many more-modern homes a glittering round of parties will accompany the three trials—July 12 to 19, August 16 to 23 and September 1 to 13—and the races themselves, which start September 20. With four out of seven races, each on a separate day, deciding the winner, the cup event is a marathon for spectators probably unequaled in social display anywhere else this year. And it is for the women who will run this "race" of summertime activities that Designer Wragge has created his America's Cup collection.



Photographs by Skarland

GUESTS FOR DRINKS aboard *Babolungvarround* Hostess Mrs. Robert Long. From left they are: Judy DeFoe in orange-peel linen coat dress (\$60); Mrs. Long; Richard H. Bertram, who will crew on *Vino*; Diji Ladd in lemon silk linen (\$60); and Carleton Mitchell, navigator of *Weatherly*. Diamond jewelry is from Van Cioef & Arpels. Opposite: Diji wears a burgee-printed silk dress, with a blousing top that billows spinnakerlike (\$65). America's Cup clothes as: Bonwit Teller, John Wanamaker, Kaufman's, J. L. Hudson, Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin.







MIDDY TOP of pale-blue-and-white-striped cotton (\$23) and white sharkskin slacks (\$19) are worn by Betty Johnson for festivities aboard.



BURGEER-PRINTED silk overblouse (\$30), wool jersey slacks (\$23) are modeled by Pas Rosilli, watching sail-washing at Ratsey & Laphorn.

◀ **PASTEL TONES** borrowed from watercolors of Newport's heyday are in D.J.'s sharkskin midgy (\$19) and linen dress (\$40). Pappagallo shoes.



COMMODORE'S JACKET of doeskin flannel (\$90) tops Pin's pleated, fitted dress of white Arnel sharkskin (\$50).

Three for the '500'

**A wizard mechanic has put
three of his four cars in
the front row at Indy**

INDIANAPOLIS racing cars have so many features in common that the best models are approximately equal. Like certain animals in George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, however, some cars are more equal than others. This year the designer whose racers are more equal than any other's is an unemotional, blue-eyed young man named A. J. Watson.

When the starting flag falls on Memorial Day for the 42nd Indianapolis "500," Watson will have three of his slender, magnificently tuned roadsters on the front row of the starting field, with a fourth expected among the starters before the qualifying is finished this weekend—a unique feat for a man who does all his own work in a tiny garage.

Beyond that, two of Watson's cars

have broken the qualifying record set by Pat Flaherty in a bigger-engined car (also Watson-built) in 1956. That Watson has only four cars in all at the Speedway is an added measure of his achievement; that the pole car was tried out in practice for the first time on the day before the qualifying runs is perhaps the highest tribute of all.

Spare of speech, meticulous in his craftsmanship, Watson is one of the handful of designers who figure so importantly in the "500" yet share so little of its limelight.

To the public it is a driver's race—a fierce and exhausting contest among 33 brave men for America's highest automobile racing honor and racing's largest purse (more than \$300,000 this year). And again this year, as the Speedway opened for practice, it was drivers, not builders, who seemed sure to hog the headlines.

To the Brickyard, along with the established American stars, came Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina.

Five times world champion on the Grand Prix circuit—the summit of racing outside the U.S.—he faced the same difficulty that has frustrated so many superb road-racing drivers in recent years: how—in only a few weeks—to adapt themselves to the Indianapolis technique of closed-circuit racing where the brakes and transmission mean virtually nothing, the throttle everything. Although the French champion, René Dreyfus, managed a 10th in 1940 and Italy's Luigi Villoreo finished seventh in 1946, the modern foreign attacks on the "500" have been largely disastrous.

"This track is like a violin with one string," said Corvette Engineer Zora Arkus-Duntov, who took a French Talbot to the Speedway without success in 1946. "But you must be a virtuoso on that one string."

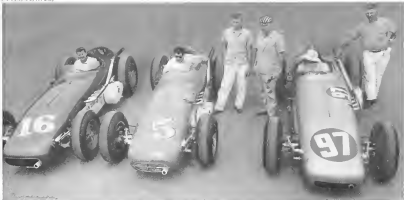
At the age of 46 Fangio adapted quickly, but realized he had neither time nor car enough to become a virtuoso in 1958.

Abruptly he departed, after driving some very creditable laps, saying the Dayton Steel Foundry Special given him was not in first-rate condition and that anyway he hadn't had enough time to solve the riddle of the turns. In brief, he believed he had no chance to win the "500," and he would not gamble his great reputation in a losing venture.

Mike Magill, the Dayton car's regular driver, said he was sorry to see

continued

Photo by Art Shay



PROUD PARENT of the front-row cars for the '500,' Designer Watson stands barchanded between those of Dick Rathmann

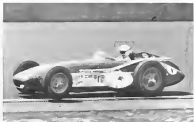
(97) and Ed Elisian (5). Jimmy Reese is in 16. Beside Watson is Owner John Zink, at right Rathmann's mechanic, Floyd Travis.

DRIVERS (AND CARS) TO WATCH ON MAY 30



DICK RATHMANN

Driving the McNamara Special, one of A. J. Watson's brilliant new racers, Rathmann won the pole for the "500" with a record qualifying speed of 145.974 mph. He made the field twice before, placed fifth in 1956. This is his "greatest opportunity in 14 years of racing." He had only one day's practice in the car before qualifying. Age: 32. Home: Trenton, N.J.



JIMMY REECE

Seventh in his first "500" drive—for John Zink in 1952—Reece now rejoins Zink's terrific Tulsa team in a new Watson car. He qualified third fastest, at 145.913 mph, completing Watson's front-row sweep. Here he lifts a wheel on the first turn at about 136 mph. The car's side tank, typical of Watson machines, holds oil. Age: 28. Home: Speedway, Ind.



PAT O'CONNOR

Entering his fifth "500" with one of the fastest Kurtis cars, a Sumar Special, O'Connor sits beside Veith. Mechanical trouble cut short his front-running drives in 1956 and 1957; his nerve, skill and knowledge of track (through testing racing tires) could make this year. O'Connor has been Midwest Sprint Champion three times. Age: 29. Home: North Vernon, Ind.



ED ELISIAN

No higher than 18th in four previous races, Elisian became the Speedway's fastest driver by averaging 148.148 mph (unofficially) on a practice lap. His qualifying speed of 145.926 mph in this Watson-built John Zink Special (Troy Ruttman's 1957 car) placed him on the front row. His fastest single lap was a record 146.508 mph. Age: 31. Home: Oakland, Calif.



BOB VEITH

Rookie of the year in 1956, placing seventh, Veith was ninth last year. At 233 pounds he is the Brickyard's heaviest driver. Plugging away out of the limelight he practised swiftly in this Bowes Seal Fast Special, then deftly put it into fourth position among better-known cars and drivers in the trials. Veith is a former midjet-racing star. Age: 31. Home: Oakland, Calif.



JIM BRYAN

Perhaps unsurpassed in determination and stamina, Bryan eyes the race with a proved car (last year's winning Beland Special), a proved pit crew, and a choice qualifying spot in the third row (144.186 mph). National Champion Driver in 1954, 1956 and 1957, he was second at Indy in 1954, third last year, first in the 1957 Monza "500." Age: 31. Home: Phoenix.



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INDIANAPOLIS continued

Fangio go. "He's got a lot of foot and a lot of savvy, that man. He hit nearly 142 mph out of the groove." The "groove" at Indianapolis is the path around the 2½-mile brick and asphalt track that has proved to be fastest over the years.

Most of the other drivers, however, were in the groove as never before. "I have never seen so many good cars going so fast so early," said Sam Hanks, the 1957 winner, now director of racing for Speedway Owner Tony Hulman (see page 69). "I couldn't have picked a better time to retire."

Easily fastest of the 56 entries were the Watson cars—all built in his 40x40-foot garage in Glendale, Calif. "I've got no employees," says the 33-year-old Watson, "but I've got a lot of friends who drop in and give me free help. As for my name, the initials A. J. are my name. They don't stand for anything."

Like the three other major active builders of Speedway cars—Frank Kurtis, Eddie Kuzma and Quincy Epperly—Watson works in the vicinity of the Meyer-Drake plant, where the all-conquering Offenhauser engines are produced.

He modified a Kurtis chassis for the late Bob Sweikert's 1955 "500" victory; he emerged as a full-fledged designer by executing Pat Flaherty's 1956 winner. A 1957 Watson model driven by Troy Ruttman led last year's race briefly.

Watson's big early edge this year is further emphasized by his competi-

tors' difficulties. Eddie Kuzma, especially, was having trouble getting the bugs out of his three new superlight racers. Driven by Troy Ruttman, Jimmy Daywalt and Eddie Sachs, they were limping along in the 139- to 140-mph range last weekend and were not handling well enough to be qualified in the first set of trials.

Epperly's needle-nosed cars did better, but did not threaten Watson's. Epperly's current trademark is a narrow chassis with the engine mounted on its side, an innovation conceived by George Sallih, former Meyer-Drake foreman, and handsomely proved out by Sam Hanks last year in his record-breaking victory. Jim Bryan, the national champion driver and one of the solid favorites this year, put it into the third row of the starting field in the opening trials.

Two new Epperly cars of similar design bowed in this month. Tony Bettenhausen qualified easily in one; George Amick still needed time last weekend to get the hang of the other.

Kurtis, the biggest builder in output (32 entries) and physical size (6 feet 4, 215 pounds), sent out only one new model this year, the most radical of the lot. Owned by the D-A Lubricant team, a trio of well-beeled young Indianapolis businessmen, it featured independent front suspension instead of the traditional rigid axle. It was too slow to qualify last week.

Kurtis, however, could count nine of his models among Saturday's 18 qualifiers, and if Watson had the first

continued

QUALIFIERS ON THE FIRST WEEKEND

NO.	DRIVER	BUILDER	NAME	SPEED
27	DICK RATHMANN	WATSON (1958)	McNABARA SPL.	145.874
8	ED SLUSIAN	WATSON (1957)	ZINK SPL.	145.028
16	JIMMY REESE	WATSON (1958)	ZINK SPL.	145.512
14	BOB VEITH	KURTIS 502 G3	BOWER SPL.	144.881
4	PAT O'CONNOR	KURTIS 502 G2	SUMAR SPL.	144.853
43	JOHNNIE PARSONS	KURTIS 500 G	GERHART SPL.	144.683
1	JIM BRYAN	EPPELRY (1957)	BELORE SPL.	144.185
9	JOHNNY ROTO	KURTIS 502 G2	BOWER SPL.	144.023
32	TONY BETTENHAUSEN	EPPELRY (1958)	JONES-MALEY SPL.	143.998
25	JACK TURNER	LESQOVSKY	MASAGLIA SPL.	143.408
2	HODGER WARD	LESQOVSKY	WOLCOTT SPL.	143.368
28	A. J. FOTT	KUZMA (1957)	DEAN SPL.	143.190
26	QON FREELAND	PHILLIPS	STERE SPL.	143.003
13	PAUL RUSSO	KURTIS 500 F	NOVI SPL.	142.958
42	BILLY GARRETT	KURTIS 500 G2	CHAPMAN SPL.	142.778
31	PAUL GOLOSMEITH	KURTIS 500 G2	GAYTONA SPL.	142.744
24	GENE HARTLEY	KURTIS 500 C	HOTT SPL.	142.331
71	CEMPSEY WILSON	KURTIS (1956)	HALL-NAR SPL.	142.029



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row, he had the second. (Kurtis cars swept the first row in 1952 and 1953.) Beautifully situated between Bob Veith and Johnny Parsons, the 1950 winner, was Pat O'Connor, the lad who smiles from this week's cover.

To be sure, all the "500" cars have much in common, and it is difficult to attribute success or failure to this or that feature. They all have simple space frames, rigid axles front and rear (except the new Kurtis), torsion springing, disc brakes and Offenhauser engines (except the two V-8 Novis which have never yet cracked the winner's circle in 13 years of trying).

WATSON'S YEAR

So far, however, this has been Watson's year, and rightly so. He is a genuinely gifted designer and mechanic whose cardinal principle is simplicity, and he is backed by a fellow perfectionist, John Zink. In the hundred variations that may be made in springing and weight adjustment to suit different drivers and track conditions, Watson is unsurpassed.

Zink, the successful young Tulsa industrialist who sponsored the winners Watson prepared in 1955 and 1956, owns two of this year's front-row cars, and Watson again serves as his chief mechanic. The pole car is a brand-new Watson, sold just two weeks ago to a Kalamazoo, Mich. trucking executive, Lee Elkins. Zink's third car (Flaherty's 1956 winner) went swiftly last week, but not fast enough for a qualification attempt by the regular driver, Jud Larson.

Zink, as usual, insisted that his cars be ready early. Winter work on engines made hasty practice experiments with fuel and new parts unnecessary. Watson could be counted on for perfection in chassis. Drivers would have the necessary confidence in their machines.

"The amount of psychology involved," Zink says, "is fantastic. When you get right down to it, the drivers have to be warmer than the cars. A driver has to want to win the race. It's not good enough to think second or third will do. He must have the confidence to try to win it. Sometimes it takes years to build up that confidence on this track. Every year, in the turns, you have to keep your foot on the pedal longer before cutting off, and you have to get back into it sooner. I'd say there are only six or eight drivers here who want to

win badly enough, and I think I have two of them on the front row."

Zink's drivers have certainly been the sensation of the month, along with the pole man, Dick Rathmann. They and Rathmann were all the more remarkable since none of them has been particularly prominent in the past.

After spirited practice sessions all week, Rathmann (older brother of Jim Rathmann, who placed second in the 1957 race but hasn't yet qualified) jumped into the untried Watson on Friday. In the cool of the evening he turned the first 147-mph lap ever clocked at the Brickyard.

That fired up Ed Elisian, a protégé of the late Bill Vukovich. Elisian received his chance to drive for Zink by showing him a 145.5-mph lap last fall at the Speedway in a practice tour. An inarticulate, fleshy and powerful Californian, Elisian has been, until now, a singularly erratic and unsuccessful driver. But with the 1957 Ruttman car he was unbeatable in practice. A few minutes after Rathmann's 147-mph lap, Elisian smoothly achieved the astonishing speed of 148.148 mph. Zink's other front-row man, Jimmy Reece, topped 145 mph with Watson's other new car. Next day, with the chips down for the qualifying run and the track a bit slower due to hotter weather, Rathmann averaged 145.974 mph for the four laps to win the pole and surpass Flaherty's qualifying record of 145.596. Elisian averaged 145.926 mph and had a record single lap of 146.508. Reece filled out the row with 145.513.

That is not to say that Watson & Co. have it made, by any means. Driving in traffic in the race itself is something else again. Bryan is a driver of great pride, stamina and determination. O'Connor knows the track better than any man, having driven 4,800 miles on it testing the Firestone racing tires, and besides he is a fierce competitor. Bettenhausen, of course, would drive through a brick wall if the "500" trophy were on the other side for the taking.

In short, the man who gets bussed by musical comedy star Shirley MacLaine after nearly four hours of racing next Friday will be a man of immense determination backed by mechanical wizardry, the kind A. J. Watson brings to racing.

FOR A STORY ON ANTON HULMAN JR.,
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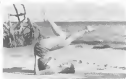
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Part I

HOOSIER PIED PIPER

**Tony Hulman has emerged from self-imposed
obscurity as a millionaire sportsman to
lead man's fastest, dizziest merry-go-round**

by ROBERT SHAPLEN



HULMAN ON RACE DAY telephones aide from pits below shining glass control tower he built to replace old Pagoda.

ONE OF THE least known yet most versatile and accomplished sportsmen in America, and one of the richest men in this rich country, is a 57-year-old, boyishly handsome Hoosier from Terre Haute named Anton Hulman Jr. Unlike a lot of men with a lot of money—the best guess is that his various ventures are worth as much as \$100 million—Hulman not only has always lived unostentatiously, but until relatively recently was self-effacing to the point of self-oblivion. In fact, he was a sort of Walter Mitty in reverse, doing his best to live down a glamorous past. If he was privately proud of having played end on the famous undefeated Yale football team of 1923, of receiving All-America mention from Walter Camp, of having won nearly a hundred medals at prep school and at college as an all-round track and field star, of rating as one of the finest deep-sea fishermen ever to throw a line out for marlin, tuna or bonefish,

or being almost as adept at big-game hunting and skeet shooting, of swimming like a champion, and, on rainy days, of playing a crackerjack game of bridge or billiards, his public attitude was summed up in the sort of Indiana idiom he likes to use: "Shucks, man, that was a dang long time ago."

What has prompted Hulman to emerge from his shell of anonymity is, of all things, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. He bought the Brickyard in 1945 from a nonanonymous man named Eddie Rickenbacker, a sometime war hero and oldtime racing driver, who had shut it down when the last war started and, along with a lot of others, had his doubts that the famous "500" ever would be resumed. Hulman paid \$750,000 for the track, which was \$60,000 more than Rickenbacker had paid for it in the gaudy days of 1927. He has since put another \$3 million into it, which is considerably more than it

has earned, though a cozy profit has been coming in regularly over the past five years.

There's nothing else cozy about Indy. The annual Memorial Day race draws between 175,000 and 200,000 spectators, and it would be pretty hard for any man who owns and operates such a mammoth enterprise to remain unknown. As things have turned out, Tony Hulman and the Speedway not only go well together but he loves every last brick in its body. Even though Indy is a one-day event, or, if one includes the time trials and qualification runs during May, a one-month affair at best, Hulman joyously spends about 25% of his busy working hours on the track. There are certain psychological reasons for his absorption. As a combination of a great big national picnic and the very quaintness of speed, the "500" satisfies a number of solid Hulman inner drives, among

continued

which are having fun going fast and playing the role of an automotive Pied Piper.

In reviving more than a race, in refashioning a genuine folk festival, Hulman, despite an innate shyness, had seemed to me to be a rather unique, almost old-fashioned kind of sports promoter of the Tex Rickard stripe, or perhaps a combination of Rickard and P. T. Baraun in his less cynical moments. At any rate, aware that he had succeeded admirably in putting across the single biggest paid-attendance sports festival in the world, I eagerly accepted his invitation to attend last year's "500" and at the same time to get to know him better. Had I been aware of what a physical ordeal he was to put me through, my anticipatory pleasure might have been slightly tempered.

Wanting to see the great throng slowly gather, I went to Indianapolis the day before the big race, arriving just as Hulman was about to make his customary talk to the drivers at the track. "I haven't had a thing to eat since yesterday and I'm starting to get a headache," he said as he greeted me. "I managed to grab three hours' sleep last night but there wasn't time to eat breakfast." He looked, I thought, a pretty happy flagellant.

In view of the recent spate of racing accidents, I was anxious to hear Hulman's cautionary words to the drivers, who sat in rows of three in the new infield grandstand exactly in the order in which they were to start the race. "I know how much you all want to win, but there are a lot of hazards, and let's have a little heart for each other," Hulman said. He especially warned them about not racing for the first turn when the green starting flag went down and, heavy with a full load of fuel, they were still all hunched up—a moment he and other racing men consider the most dangerous of the whole contest.

HULMAN's schedule the rest of that day kept him shuttling from one big pre-race celebration to another. In the late afternoon he managed to nibble on some spareribs at the Firestone party, held under a large tent on the side of the track. An hour or so later he was leading a big parade of floats through downtown Indianapolis. Then he rushed to a private dinner party given by Mrs. William Atkins,

widow of a wealthy saw manufacturer. He arrived when the meal was almost over and turned down proffers of a special plate, but listened to the Duke of Manchester, here on a visit, praise him as "the finest sportsman I have ever met" before he dashed off to a huge public dance on the roof of a local theater. Finally, around midnight, he turned up at a party being given by F. C. (Jack) Roth, then general manager of the Mercury Division of the Ford Motor Company, who was to drive the pace car in the big race.

While Hulman was so engaged, I had wandered around the carnival area across the street from the Speedway for a few hours and had watched the cars begin to line up in 21 traffic lanes around the track. After that I went back to the Indianapolis Athletic Club for dinner and what I thought would be a good night's sleep. At about one a.m., however, I found a note in my box. "Meet me in the lobby at 2:30 a.m.," it said, and it was signed "Tony." It was a question whether it was worthwhile going to sleep at all, but I compromised on about an hour's worth. When I met Hulman downstairs in the lobby at the appointed hour, he said he had managed about the same. He was wearing a somewhat mussed tan gabardine suit and a pair of scuffed brown shoes. "How do you feel?" I asked him. He paused, gulped, smiled and said, "Great, just great," as if he really meant it.

With June Swango, Hulman's comely and efficient secretary, we had some scrambled eggs and coffee at an all-night restaurant down the block and then drove six miles out to the track in Speedway City. Now the cars were lined up four abreast for blocks around. Most of the excursionists were still sleeping, many of them on mattresses on the ground. A few all-night revelers were still reveling. (Since no liquor is sold on Memorial Day, practically everyone who comes to Indy is well armed with tins, containers, bottles and even small iceboxes of beer and other liquid refreshment. There are some drunks by race time but surprisingly few and, all in all, the tremendous crowd is very well behaved.)

The Ferris wheel at the carnival was still slowly dipping across the nocturnal sky as we moved along, past five truckloads of screaming newsboys. As the time for the race drew closer, it seemed to me the

tension could be felt in the nerve ends, and yet there was something oddly quiet and controlled about it, something that transcended the burgeoning excitement of a dangerous contest. Beyond its attributes of a circus, a clambake and a county fair as well as a race, there was a quality that was typically American to this early-morning scene, these thousands of cars with their multifarious license plates lined up and waiting for the signal to enter the huge enclosure. It was, I thought, an immutable tribute to that insatiable desire to move, to roll on wheels, to go somewhere, if only for a day or two, that makes an American think nothing of climbing into his car and taking it 500 miles or more to see a 500-mile race and then 500 miles home again.

Hulman is so unobtrusive that a good many of the guards and gate-men at the track don't know who he is. On more than one occasion, when he hasn't worn an identifying badge, he has been stopped and challenged. Now, as we drove in and around to the control tower in the station wagon of Joe Quinn, the safety director, he was being kidded as he quietly suggested to several puzzled guards who didn't recognize him that they clear certain roadways. "The way he acts, you'd think he owned the place," Quinn said lovingly.

Hulman spent about 45 minutes on the fourth landing of his new million-dollar tower, getting traffic reports from a state trooper. Thereafter he got the happier he became.

"They all say it's bigger than ever," he said. By this time the sun had risen, and the weather, despite a forecast of possible showers, looked as if it would be hot and clear. A few minutes before 4 a.m., just before the bomb went off signaling the opening of the gates, Hulman climbed an iron ladder to the roof of the tower, where he had installed an electric board on all four sides on which the numbers of the first five cars would be flashed during the race. Now he wanted the date—5/30/1957—put on, so the inpouring crowd would take prompt notice of his latest innovation.

After we had watched the cars catapult through the tunnels underneath the track and then scuttle around the infield for their favorite places, we went back down to the ground, where Hulman shifted the Purdue Military Band from the

continued

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an educated taste

A black and white photograph of three men in suits. One man is pouring Imperial Whiskey from a bottle into a glass. The other two men are looking at him, one holding a glass and the other a newspaper.

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explaining to me that there were no pass-out cards and otherwise we mightn't be able to get back in, and crossed the wide thoroughfare outside, taking up a vantage point on the opposite side.

"Just look at that crowd," he said, staring down the avenue. "It stretches as far as you can see. Now isn't that something?" It was considerably more than the remark of an avaricious ticket collector.

A young man wearing a polo shirt and a pair of old Army slacks came up.

"You Tony Hulman?" he asked.

Hulman grunted vaguely and then muttered, "Don't know him."

"You own the Speedway, don't you?" the young man demanded.

"I work there," Hulman confessed, weakly.

"You're Tony Hulman all right, aren't you?" the boy persisted. "Look, I just want to meet you."

Hulman capitulated and allowed as how he was.

The young man shot out his hand. "My name's Bill Bailey," he said. "I'm from Indianapolis. I never shook hands with a millionaire."

Hulman seemed slightly embarrassed but not altogether displeased. Out on the highway, from among the mass of cars, a shout drifted, "Hi, Tony." Hulman waved back and yelled "Hi" without knowing who it was. He was doing that all day too.

BACK at the office, he was at the counter as a pair of 20-year-old boys came in asking about seats. They were told none were left. Hulman followed the crestfallen pair out.

"Where you boys from?" he asked.

"Dayton," one said. "We used to live in Terre Haute."

Hulman reached in his pocket and brought out two passes for the tower. "Here you are," he said. "These'll get you a good place to see from."

"I never saw 'em in Terre Haute," Earl Al murmured.

Inside, sitting down for the first and virtually the last time all day, Hulman told one of his office staff that he had "talked a bit too much" the night before at the Atkins party and had promised everybody there tower tickets. "Password's Atkins," he said. "Don't tell anybody else, though, or you'll do a land-office business."

The admonition might well have been handed Hulman himself. Over

continued



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TONY HULMAN *continues*

the next hour or so he gave away at least 50 such tickets to strangers, including two to a father and his son from New York who had tried in vain to buy seats from other customers, and two to a disgruntled man and his wife who accosted him angrily and demanded, "What kind of place is this, anyway?" Inside the office the first lost little boy of the day, 7-year-old Tommy Links from Indianapolis, was crying as the safety staff sought to locate his parents on the loud-speaker system. Hulman patted the youngster on the head. I thought for a moment he was going to give him a tower ticket too.

THE last hour before the race began Hulman spent in the ticket office, arranging to let parcels of seats that hadn't been picked up yet go to other buyers; he left tower passes in their place in case the original customers showed up at the last minute. At 10:30 he headed back for the starting line. On the way one of the guards shouted, "Everything under control, Tony. Four thousand more folks just showed up." Hulman laughed and looked up to make sure the sun was still shining.

He walked along the pits, shaking hands with some of the veteran mechanics, and made a special point of seeking out his new son-in-law, Elmer George, who had just married Hulman's only daughter, Marn, and as a raw recruit had surprisingly qualified to drive his first "500." His luck was about to end.

At five minutes to 11, Hulman climbed into the Mercury pacer, alongside Jack Reith. He gave the traditional cry to the drivers lined up behind him, "Gentlemen, start your engines," and the great roar of motors began. Then the Mercury slid off and the 11 rows of cars glided after it, like a school of fish. It turned out to be one of the worst starts in Indianapolis history. One car stalled at the outset and, coming around the first lap, young George's car, an ancient Offenhauser, the oldest in the race, stalled, swung and hit the back of another, knocking them both out before the race had even begun. Neither driver was hurt, but Hulman, doing some quick thinking, tapped Reith on the shoulder as they came by the starting line and indicated that he should go around again while the two cars were cleared off the track. "The pack be-

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GEORGE BAYER shows you how the new MACGREGOR clubs put more power in your game

hind me was breathing down my neck by then," Hulman said later, "and, frankly, I was a little worried." Obviously he had done the right thing.

Once the cars were off, and before Sam Hanks—the sentimental favorite with the right name to win Indy and a folk hero—had taken over, Hulman went to console his son-in-law in the garage area and then settled down in a seat at the first turn to watch the cars wheel over the new asphalt apron he had built there.

The apron worked fine, but its success only reminded Hulman of what remained to be done. "Golly," he said, "there's still plenty to be fixed around here. I wonder, what should we do next?"

The question was one Hulman had been asking himself, and answering, for the last 12 years. From the day they took the Speedway over, he and his associates, chiefly the late Wilbur Shaw, set about improving not only the race course itself but also the surroundings, with a view to making it a place of pleasure as well as a speed drome.

During the 20-year regime of Eddie Rickenbacker, especially between 1935 and 1938, Indy had been improved operatively but scarcely beautified. Rick resurfaced all except four-tenths of a mile on the homestretch with asphalt—those four-tenths are sentimentally still composed of the original old 1911 brick—and he also built a new retaining wall which surely helped diminish the number of serious accidents. All in all, he had put about \$400,000 into the Speedway when Hulman became its owner in the fall of 1945.

IN the four intervening years between Pearl Harbor and Hulman's purchase, during which most mechanics and drivers had gone into war industry and Indy hadn't been used at all, the track had gone to pot and to seed. The ancient wooden grandstands looked as if they were about to fall apart. The bricks on the track were full of cracks, and grass was growing among them. Nevertheless, it was announced that there would be a race the following May 30, and Hulman started in at once with a rapid reconditioning and improvement program. By race time he had put up two new bleacher stands on the inside of the track at the southeast turn, replaced part of the old grandstand with new structures of steel and

continued

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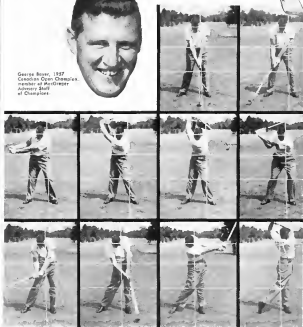




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TONY HULMAN *continued*

concrete, built a new paddock, a new cafeteria near the garage area, erected fences, installed sound equipment and given the whole place a coat of paint. It was hard keeping the workmen going after May 1 because they kept watching the old and the new cars in their practice runs, but the work got finished just in time.

At 9 o'clock that Memorial Day morning of 1946—it seems a long time ago to Hulman now—he nervously headed for the track. Despite the optimism of Wilbur Shaw, a three-time winner of this racing classic whom Hulman had put in charge of the track, Tony was worried that the big prewar crowds wouldn't show up, and the closer he got the more worried he became. "I was halfway down Kessler Boulevard, riding along with a friend of mine, and there wasn't a soul," he recalls. "My heart sank. It was a beautiful morning too. Then we hit one of the cross highways, and it was so mobbed we could not get across. I never saw anything like it. Those cars were stacked up for miles and the radios were blarin' and the people just sittin' around and eatin' and drinkin' and playin' cards. I remember there was a two-headed cow bein' shown.

"We tried another way around and ran into the same thing. Finally we went through a field and tried shootin' up the shoulders of a road about two miles away from the track. 'Where the hell d'you think you're goin'?' someone shouted, and then they were all on us. 'To the races, we got tickets,' we said. 'Well, ain't that just too bad, so have we,' they roared back. I started breakin' out in a perspiration because it was close to startin' time, and then a policeman came over. I finally had to tell him I had an interest in the track, so he let us go ahead. We just about made it too. I guess it was the first time there were really as many people there as was claimed. We've never had less. Not even in 1958 when it rained so hard for two days before the race we thought we'd have to quit."

Hulman's improvements that first winter and spring proved just a beginning. Having almost missed the start of the big race, he decided to concentrate on improving the approaches to the track the following year. Today there are 19 separate entrances, though the size of the crowd

and the fact that almost everyone comes to Indy in a car, whether it's a brand-new Cadillac or an ancient jalopy, still makes jams unavoidable. Hulman has put up several new concrete stands, including a long row of double-deckers, and only one string of old wooden ones now remains. The track's total seating capacity today is 125,000.

During the last two years he has spent more than ever before—over \$1 million—to erect additional stands on the inside of the course and to replace the old Chinese Pagoda with his most eye-filling innovation, the cement-and-glass-enclosed operations tower. In spite of itself, Indy is starting to look like an airport. The whole track, except for the two long straightaways, has again been resurfaced with Kentucky Rock asphalt (Hulman says he'll keep the small stretch of original brick not only out of nostalgia but also because it helps the drivers know when they've completed a lap). A new retaining wall has been built along the inside, with the pits now placed behind it as an added safety measure. New drainage ditches have been built, and the garage area has been improved. Pit crews and all other Speedway workers are now dressed in spruce uniforms on race day, and the big race has lost its old grease-monkey look, which may or may not be to everyone's liking.

ANOTHER big innovation is the recently completed museum of racing lore. Now many famous winning cars, from Ray Harroun's Marmon Wasp, which took the first race back in 1911, to Mauri Rose's Blue Crown Spark Plug Special, the victor in 1947 and 1948, are on display, plus scores of old photographs. The museum is kept open all year—and travelers from such distant places as Outer Mongolia have already come to visit it.

Hulman, as he had indicated to me, still isn't satisfied. There are still those few last grandstands of wood to be replaced, some old facilities in the garage area to be torn down and rebuilt, and a new clubhouse to be erected on the golf course, which straddles the track, with nine of its 18 holes in the infield. As the range of ticket prices has widened from a still reasonable \$3 general admission to a top of \$30 for a second-tier grandstand seat, Hulman, with

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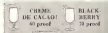
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TONY HULMAN *cont.*

the help of contributions from the automotive industry for lap prizes, has been able to raise the total "500" purse for entrants from \$115,000 in 1946 to more than \$300,000, and the winning car can earn about a third of this. This is one good reason why owners and drivers keep coming back and why a large number of new cars are being entered every year.

Hulman's whole approach to Indy is predicated on the essential fact that he bought the track in the first place more for pleasure and out of provincial patriotism than for profit. Not only does he now look upon it as his greatest pride and joy—that is, next to a new granddaughter, Nancy Lee George, who was born last February—but in a very real sense it's been a kind of glorious therapy for him. In his middle years it has provided him with an ideal outlet for an urge that dominated his early life—the passion for speed.

After an hour or so at the apron turn, where he greeted Indiana Governor Harold Handley. He was still there when two cars spun and struck each other on the southeast turn and he waited anxiously until word came that no one was injured.

Toward the end of the race, Hulman visited his mother and had a quick snack. Then he walked over to where Hanks would be coming in to get his cup. After congratulating the winner, he was handed, in lieu of champagne, a quart of milk, which he drank and passed around. I had a sip or two myself and it tasted delicious.

"I guess I'll go over to the office and sit down a bit," Hulman said. An hour later, when I stopped to say goodbye he was still standing in front, watching the big crowd slowly move out. He looked, more than ever, as if he just worked there.

END

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Next Week

THE INVISIBLE ALL-AMERICAN

In Part II of *Honour Pled Piper*, Robert Shaplen tells of Tony Hulman's remarkable though almost secret achievements in sport and how Indiana patriotism lured him onstage.



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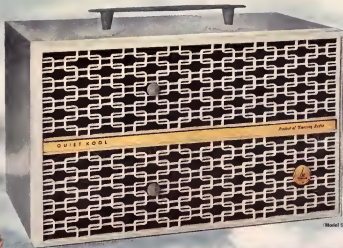
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19TH *The readers take over*

DERBY DAY WINNER

Recently Kentucky Club tobacconists had a name-the-horse contest. Please advise the results of said contest.

H. T. LORD

Berkeley Heights, N.J.

● Winner was Mrs. Madeleine Dorn, wife of a jewelry-store proprietor, shown below at Churchill Downs with her prize colt, Hastytransit, ridden for publicity's sake by oldtime Jockey Willie Knapp, winner of the 1918 Derby. Last week, back home in Pasadena after blowing the \$1,000 cash prize to get herself and her husband to the Derby and to buy some new clothes for the occasion (the tobacco people gave her tickets to Churchill Downs and stood the hotel bill for four days), Mrs. Dorn said she had



WINNER DORN & HASTYTRANSIT

a lot of fun in Louisville but she hasn't laid eyes on Hastytransit since Derby Day. "I imagine he will be shipped home after the Freshness by Reggie Cornell, Hasty's trainer and Silky's trainer. Did you know that Silky was bred right down the street from where we live?"

While flying to Kentucky Mrs. Dorn did a lot of thinking. "I made up my mind to be very sensible and to take the first offer. But then I saw him and fell in love with him—he's very friendly, just like a puppy dog. I turned down \$10,000 for him which a man from Tennessee offered."

Not a racing enthusiast and one

who rarely bets, Mrs. Dorn submitted the name Hastytransit with true feminine logic. "Hasty was in the father's name somewhere," she explained, "and transit, well that's because we just moved here last fall." —ED.

A SHARP READ

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's articles on "Boxing's Dirty Business," "Hungarian Olympic Athletes," "Big Ten Football," "Kicks in Basketball" have been outstanding and every one has had an enormous influence for good in its particular sphere.

But what about baseball and the wrong done to the people of New York by the withdrawal of the National League?

Will you, as the most articulate voice and cogent force of sports in these United States, undertake in your editorial pages to campaign for a return of National League baseball to the world's greatest city.

Millions will be grateful

EDWARD F. MILES

Roslyn, N.Y.

● When rumors were rampant last summer about a possible National League exodus, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED took its stand, stated (SI, July 22, '57) "... one can only view with alarm the prospects of all National League representation being withdrawn from New York," declared that if the Giants and Dodgers intended to move they should say so openly and give New York the chance to find another N.L. representative. Since then this magazine has drawn a sharp bead on capricious practices of major league management. —ED.

BIG LEAGUE SECRETS: RITES OF SPRING

See:

At a fat and fading 55, never thought I'd have more than an academic interest in your *Big League Secrets* series.

But with the coming of spring and the stirring of hormones, our advertising agency mustered 13 middle-aged men and joined our local 12-inch softball league. After 19 years, I'm a second baseman again—wheeling, puffing, unsure which base to throw to or even how to tag a runner out. . . .

Suddenly everything has fallen into place, thanks to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Gil McDougald (SI, May 5). His piece on the double play, the tag, the rundown hit me like Frank Lane discovering a 20-game winner. It was tremendous.

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

"There! Forced him at second! How about that? O.K., GH?"

DICK BAKER

Appleton, Wis.

PITCHERS: INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE
Sirs:

Would it be possible for you to make a survey among a number of major league pitchers concerning their high school careers? I believe it would be interesting to find out whether they were outstanding players even then or if their talents matured later. It would also be interesting to know whether they started out as pitchers or were later converted to it.

JIMMY BISHALA

Corpus Christi, Texas

● A sampling of Yankee pitchers seems to indicate that major league pitchers were outstanding players even in high school but generally at other positions. It often takes the practiced eye of a scout, coach or manager to spot a potential pitcher. Whitney Ford, when a 17-year-old first baseman, wrote a letter to the Yankees asking for a tryout. Scout Paul Krichell looked him over, decided Whitney was a natural pitcher and sent him for long seasoning with several farm teams. A St. Louis Browns scout spotted Don Larsen pitching a high school game, and he too was sent to the minors to mature. Larsen also was an outfielder for his high school team and once played outfield in seven straight games with the St. Louis Browns. Tom Sturdivant, who has won 32 games over the past two years, spent four years as a third baseman in the Yankee farm system before his conversion to pitching. Bobby Shantz, who had played center field since he was eight years old, did not start to pitch until after he left high school. However, Bob Turley was a good enough pitcher to be invited to a Yankee tryout camp. —ED.

BOOKS: MORE OF SAME

Sirs:

The list of books recommended to Mrs. Betty Buckley (19TH HOLE, May 5) contained many admirable titles but, in my opinion, especially noticeable was the omission of hunting.

One of the greatest sportsmen who ever put pen to paper was Jim Corbett. Four of his books—*Man-eaters of Kinson*, *The Man-eating Leopard of Rudrapur*, *The Temple Tiger and More Man-eaters of Kinson*, and *Jungle Lore*—contain the most vivid pictures of the jungle and its inhabitants I have ever read.

Perhaps India is too remote. Then try Robert Ruark's *The Old Man and the Boy* for a delightful, sometimes tender picture of a boy growing up and learning to love the outdoors and the ways of a sportsman.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Buckley might enjoy Snyder's *Book of Big Game Hunting*;

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Taylor's *Pondoro* and Whelan's *Hunting Big Game* are worth many hours.

HOWARD J. SMITH JR.

Glen Rock, N.J.

Sirs:

Mrs. Burdick should get *A Treasury of Fishing Stories* by Charles Goodspeed. Although out of print, it would be the best fishing book. Maybe Goodspeed's bookstore in Boston could get it for her. Any of Roden's Halg-Brown's books are to my mind perfect. *A River Never Sleeps* is extra good. *Any Luck?* by E. V. Conant or *Fishing with a Worm* by Ellen Perry are especially good.

HENRY JEWETT GUERRE

Winter Park, Fla.

GOLF: THE RIGHT START

Sirs:

Our 15-year-old son wishes to start golfing next month, and we would appreciate your advice on several points as we want him to get a good start.

He is left-handed—should he have clubs for a left-hander or, as some tell us, should he learn right-handed and switch later if he feels the necessity?

Will you please name the minimum number of clubs he should have in order to start?

Should he take professional lessons in order to get off on the right foot?

E. I. ENGSTAD

Nelson, British Columbia

● If the Engstads' youngster is a natural left-hander he should not be asked to make a switch. Nowadays there is no difficulty in getting left-handed clubs. It was not so for old-time lefties, such as Ben Hogan, who had to change handedness because there were few well-designed left-handed clubs. A beginner needs a driver, a three-wood, a putter and three, five-, seven- and nine-irons. This should be an inexpensive set, as he will outgrow them, learn to prefer other sets or just plain not like the game. A few lessons as a starter are certainly highly desirable.—ED.

DOGS: HOME FOR H-JINKS

Sirs:

The president of a Long Island theater group, Threshold Theatre, has called to my attention your article on papillons (83, April 28).

I'm writing to tell you that I enjoyed the story and pictures and that I now own the papillon who played the lead in *The Pink Panther*.

I saw the play and tried to buy the dog, H-Jinks, from Mrs. Pierrepont, but she did not want to sell her. Later, when Mr. and Mrs. Keyes took over the kennels, I bought her from them.

Like Mrs. Pierrepont I owned a papillon as a child. My father bought it for me in France, and I enjoyed it for many years.

Jinks now makes her home with me but took time out in January to win nine best-of-breed awards on the Florida circuit.

HARLEN G. BIDDLE

Old Westbury, L.I.

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Nancy Hurst Downing

"I have," says Nancy Downing, "the ideal life—golf and children and a home." Mrs. Downing may well be the only woman with a lower golf handicap than the number of children at home. There are six of them, the youngest five months—which did not prevent Nancy from making the final round at last month's California state championship.

Although Nancy Downing held a 3-handicap in her teens and went to Stanford mainly because that college has a magnificent golf course, she did not learn to enjoy the game until she married Dr. George Downing, an obstetrician ("We have to advertise

George's profession") with a 25-handicap and a sunny, it's-just-a-game attitude. Nancy went with friends to the Pebble Beach tournament and, although she had not practiced for a year, played a rusty qualifying round to please them. Her golf got better each day on her way to the finals. There she met Barbara Romack, the former U.S. Amateur Champion and a topflight competitive golfer. Nancy tied Barbara in the morning round, but came unglued in the afternoon. "It's like playing the New York Yankees," said the Downings. "If that's true," replied a tired Barbara, "then I've just played Milwaukee."



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